THE
NATION

MARCH 29, 1958 . . 25c

TEST-TUBE PATERNITY

by Alan F. Guttmacher

THE H-BOMB OVER BRITAIN

by Paul Johnson

OIL QUOTAS — AND HIGH PRICES

by William A. Clark

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

On Hart Crane

Dear Sirs: I am writing in protest to a number of features in Oscar Cargill's article on Hart Crane, his reputation, and his friends, which appeared in your number for 15 February. In this article Professor Cargill directly accuses Allen Tate and Yvor Winters of turning on their friend Hart Crane in 1930 in such a way that ". . . the enthusiasm for Crane's poetry . . . was savagely extinguished . . ." at that time; and it is implied that a renewed interest in Crane is taking place only now with the publication of his Collected Poems and Mr. Philip Horton's biography in paperback editions. Professor Cargill uses the terms "wolf pack," "assassins," and "assault" by way of describing what he supposes to have been the case in 1930. He further implies that these "lesser poets" joined in a virtual conspiracy to undermine Crane's reputation.

I think you owe it to your readers as well as to Mr. Tate and Mr. Winters to publish certain facts in connection with this sordid business. I shall speak mainly of Mr. Tate. As readers of the Crane *Letters* (published in 1952) or Mr. Horton's book will know, the early friendship between Hart Crane and Allen Tate was important for both of these young poets. I shall not point out the stylistic borrowings and the exchange of ideas that resulted from this friendship, but merely point to the fact that Mr. Tate has consistently, for thirty-five years, held Crane in the highest esteem, both as man and poet. It was Mr. Tate, indeed, who wrote the introduction to *White Buildings* (1926), Crane's first volume. Since then, on at least eight occasions, Mr. Tate has gone out of his way to uphold and extend this judgment. In 1944, for instance, he stated flatly that Crane ". . . was one of the few talents of the very first rank in America of the present century." He said the same thing in 1956; and in 1953 he ranked Crane as the leading poet of his generation—this in a long review of Mr. Winter's *Collected Poems*. . . .

The truth is that Crane's posthumous reputation owes a lot to Mr. Tate. (An English friend told me that Crane would never have been heard of otherwise over there.) . . . I cannot understand this nonsense about the "forgotten" poet. Crane has been well represented in the best anthologies of the period (Pearson and Benet, Brinnin, Matthiessen, even Tate and Bishop) He is ably discussed in the history of American poetry written by Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska, and the one by Babette Deutsch.

As for Mr. Winters, I find on returning to him that he is fascinated by Crane. I can only record my strong impression that he rates Crane above Yeats, Pound, Eliot, and Ransom. I believe Mr. Winters, like Mr. Tate, knows something about the language of poetry, and if he chooses to discuss Crane at that level and reject large parts of *The Bridge*, that is his privilege. As Professor Cargill says, "Nothing is gained by exploring [Tate's and Winters'] motivation." But the remark about "savage extinction" of their friend is in this case irresponsible and low. It reflects no credit on the academic profession, which is supposed to have some minimum concern with the truth.

ASHLEY BROWN
University of California
at Santa Barbara

Goleta, Cal.

Dear Sirs: If there were ever a false generalization, it is Ashley Brown's "Mr. Tate has consistently, for thirty-five years, held Crane in the highest esteem." I can cite concessions on Tate's part to Crane's talent (though never to his character), but such concessions generally occur to take the curse of prejudice off hostile analysis. In the review of *The Bridge* in 1930, for example, Tate calls Crane "one of the great masters of romanticism" — then proceeds to the work of demolition. When Tate wrote, in 1936, that Crane was blind "to any rational order of value" and knew he was "damned," were these soft tributes of respect, signs of esteem? Brown reads into the Crane-Tate relationship an indebtedness on Crane's part. But Crane had had much poetry published, while Tate was unknown, when Crane tried to place the essay for Tate (see *The Letters*, Nos. 234, 239) which he absorbed as an introduction to *White Buildings*. *The Letters* prove that after long intercession for Tate ("Allen needs some encouragement very much") Hart Crane was rewarded by (and I will not mince words) an exceptionally stupid and hostile review.

I hope this controversy will not obscure the hardly original, but chief aesthetic point of my essay, that *The Bridge* is built on the same analogy as *The Waste Land* and *Four Quartets*—that of symphonic music — and has a unity of its own. . . . Crane wrote Herbert Weinstock on April 22, 1930 (No. 339): "you will come to envision it more as one poem with a clearer and more integrated unity and development than was at first evident. At least if my own experience in reading and rereading Eliot's *The Waste Land* has any relation to the circumstances, this *may* be found to be the case. It took me nearly five years, with innumerable readings, to convince myself of the essential unity of that poem. And *The Bridge* is at least as complicated in its structure and inferences as *The Waste Land*—perhaps more so." It was presumptuous of Crane to challenge repeatedly comparison with Eliot and he has paid for that presumptuousness.

OSCAR CARGILL
New York University

New York, N.Y.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

265 ●

ARTICLES

267 ● Oil Quotas and High Prices
by WILLIAM L. CLARK

269 ● Test-Tube Paternity
by ALAN F. GUTTMACHER

272 ● Peaceful to a Fault
by GEORGE KIRSTEIN

274 ● The Union Local: Meetings Without Members
by GLENN W. MILLER

276 ● H-Bomb Over Britain
by PAUL JOHNSON

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

278 ● The Uses of Adversity
by ROBERT HATCH

279 ● A Window, a Table, on the North (poem)
by RALPH GUSTAFSON

280 ● Doomed To be Free
by ILSE D. LIND

281 ● Ageless Imp
by A. HYATT MAYOR

282 ● Jazz Poetry
by KENNETH REXROTH

283 ● Music
by LESTER TRIMBLE

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 284)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Dan Wakefield, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

The Nation, Mar. 29, 1958. Vol. 186, No. 13

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1958, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8. Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1958
VOLUME 186, NUMBER 13

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Faubus Once Again

In the opinion of reliable political reporters, Orval E. Faubus is a shoo-in to win the Democratic nomination, and therefore re-election, as Governor of Arkansas. In this one-party state it will be a victory almost by default. Not so very many years ago, this curious character was accurately described as "a match-chewing hillbilly"; today, according to the Gallup Poll, his name is known to 58,000,000 Americans. And yet there are still those who insist that, in politics, decency is the best policy!

But there is no reason why the Governor should win by default. Both major parties have responsibilities in the matter; they are, after all, national parties, responsible to a national electorate, concerned with national issues. By his action in calling out the National Guard in Little Rock, Faubus greatly damaged the international prestige of the United States, gave encouragement to forces of racial bigotry and intolerance, and cast discredit on American institutions. Surely both parties have an obligation to afford the voters of Arkansas a chance to repudiate his actions. The Republican Party should comb its ranks in Arkansas, therefore, to select an outstanding nominee who, among other qualifications, is ready to take a stand on issues in such a way as to give voters a genuine choice. And the Democratic Party, speaking through its national leaders, should make it clear that the party repudiates the actions of Faubus and would, if it had the power, spurn him as a candidate. National organizations such as AFL-CIO and the NAACP should insist that both parties honor this limited responsibility. It may be that, along with the people of Arkansas, the rest of us must suffer the humilation of seeing Faubus rewarded for his shameful conduct; but there is no reason why he should be permitted to win without a protest or, worse, without a serious effort being made to afford the voters a chance to turn him out of office. *The Nation* pointed out at the time (The Faubus Insurrection, September 14, 1957), that the only explanation for the Governor's action was that he acted from base political motives, and we expressed the belief that decent opinion in Arkansas would, if given a chance, repudiate his actions. We would hate to be proven wrong.

The AEC Turns Propagandist

Rightly or wrongly, the Atomic Energy Commission speaks to the public with scientific authority. Actually, however, the record indicates that the AEC press department functions on occasion as an arm of the State Department. It has consistently minimized the danger of nuclear fallout from air bursts and it has grossly exaggerated the difficulty of detecting underground explosions. Not only did the commission create the impression, inadvertently or otherwise, that the explosion on September 19, 1957, of a "tiny" atomic bomb (1,700 tons TNT equivalent) under a mesa in Nevada had not been detected beyond 250 miles, when in fact it had been detected at a distance of 2,320 miles, but it attempted to use the testimony of Dr. Willard F. Libby about the beneficent uses of underground explosions as justification for the continuation of bomb tests. To say the least, this was somewhat misleading. Public controversy has centered primarily on military testing in the air, not on underground tests. The AEC needs a public-information program, but the public will never acquire confidence in any such program when it is used for propaganda purposes. The AEC is dealing with matters of vital importance about which the public needs to be educated as well as informed. More than any agency in government, the AEC must cultivate public confidence by a scrupulous avoidance of distortion, inaccuracy, bias or lack of candor in its releases. If we must have agencies for propaganda, let them be clearly identified as such.

Keep Defense Separate

In presenting a ten-point program in January "for prosperity and economic growth," AFL-CIO gave defense spending top priority and in these terms: "National defense expenditures should be stepped up to meet defense needs, regardless of budget considerations." In the recommendations adopted at the recent three-day conference of a thousand union leaders in Washington, representing 138 affiliates of AFL-CIO, which Mr. Meany subsequently submitted to the President, defense spending has been dropped from first to third place in the list. The specific reference follows: "We

MAR 27 '58

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

urgently underscore the need for increase in defense spending, both as a matter of national security *and as an economic rehabilitation measure.* We do not agree that our defense posture should be measured by any yardstick save our actual defense needs" (emphasis added). Precisely because we agree with the sentiment expressed in the last sentence, we find it incongruous that the AFL-CIO should regard defense spending as an aspect of economic rehabilitation. Spending for defense should, we agree, be measured by national-security standards and not by the need to stimulate employment. Both as a matter of social philosophy and sound national policy, arms expenditures should be kept in a separate and distinct category from anti-recession measures. We can have neither a sound defense nor a sound economic recovery if the lines are blurred.

He Ignored the Count-Down

Major General John B. Medaris, the Army's missile chief, brusquely informed newsmen the other day that only the military is equipped to explore outer space. One notes appreciatively the use of the broad term "military"; apparently the General is generously prepared to share the wide blue yonder with the Navy and the Air Force. A little more of this kind of inter-service *nobless oblige* and we poor civilians will be altogether undone. Hard lines, indeed, on those who designed the Army's Jupiter-C (civilian scientists, mostly imported), on those who built it (the civilian Chrysler Corporation) and on those who paid for it (the civilian taxpayers).

All arrogance is ill-timed, but General Medaris' is especially so. Only a few days before this Army spokesman claimed the extraterrestial universe as a military reservation, President Eisenhower had sent his plea to Moscow for agreement on the development of outer space *for peace.*

Although something was obviously wrong with the count-down, the General shot off his mouth anyway.

Freedom from Mr. Miller

It begins to look as though the State Department can never add a cubit to its stature by treading the path of good intentions. The decision to participate vigorously in the Brussels World's Fair is assuredly a good intention. But intention is not enough; we require also some perspective, enough to see ourselves as others see us. Consider, for example, the following: The Alley Theatre of Houston, Texas, has been invited to represent the American Regional Theatre at Brussels. "Invited" is not quite the word, since the group will also be expected to raise some $30,000 to help defray costs. But we are a poor country—a dollar doesn't buy you much out there in space—so perhaps it is reasonable to make the party Dutch treat. With the invitation, however, came a small reservation: the Alley Theatre has an absolutely free choice of what it shall produce—*except* that it may not put on a play by Arthur Miller. Now this is not a very serious restriction; although Miller is an important playwright, we have others who would make at least as good an impression on foreign audiences. But it is, of course, an insulting restriction; and, more important, it is stupid. What we have to offer the rest of the world, our crowning virtue, Old Glory itself, is freedom—just simply freedom. And freedom is indivisible and irreducible; either you have it or you have it not, you cannot have it 99 per cent (we are not talking about the much-cited freedom to cry "Fire" in a crowded theatre, but of the freedom to think and speak according to your convictions). So by not permitting the Alley Theatre to put on the plays of one man out of many (whom they might very well not have been considering in the first place), the State Department has destroyed whatever propaganda value the Alley's achievement may have (if they accept the yoke and go).

Sanity in Science

A "Parliament of Science," assembled by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, recently concluded three days of meetings in Washington. The participants were 133 leaders in science, education and associated fields. The chairman of the planning committee was Warren Weaver of the Rockefeller Foundation. The Rockefeller and Sloan foundations paid the expenses: $10,000 each. The principal expenditure, of course, was the 400 man-hours spent by the scientists themselves.

The results were worth the time and money. No fathers of new nuclear bombs, missiles or strategy exhibited their progeny or brought forth spectacular headlines. But some sane, sensible and uninflated conclusions were reached, which in itself is something of an achievement in these days of atomic over-amplification of fact and opinion.

The parliament knocked down the proposal for a Federal Department of Science with Cabinet status. Since there is nothing inherently unifying about science, the resolution argued that integral parts of the missions of existing departments should remain within these departments, even when they happened to be scientific in nature. It also pointed out that a Cabinet officer, necessarily a political appointee, would be called on to deal with aspects of science, such as basic research, which are least amenable to political direction. It advocated continuation of the present arrangement under which a special assistant to the President furnishes high-level representation of science and technology.

The parliament condemned the Government's policy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of "security by secrecy," which is so deeply imbedded in the governmental structure that it will take a good many resolutions to expose its inherent viciousness. Freedom to travel, communicate and disagree, which the scientists also would like to see, is likewise still some way off, while freedom for the scientist to select the problems on which he chooses to work is least curtailed if he chooses to work on military problems.

Possibly the best thing the parliament did was to ratify a preamble to the final report in which Dr. Weaver held that restrictions on complete international freedom of basic research are "both wrong and futile." A delegate rose to oppose the use of the word "wrong" as expressing a moral judgment. About two-thirds of the delegates voted to leave it in. And why shouldn't scientists, whose work can lead to the destruction of civilization or its infinite enhancement, be entitled to their moral judgments like other men?

That Scandalous Ad-Tax

A final act has just been written for the delightful little comedy that began in Baltimore when Mayor Thomas d'Alesandro, piqued by a critical press, induced the City Council, where his will is law, to impose a tax on advertising (see: The Scandalous Ad-Tax, by David Cort, *The Nation*, January 18). A dozen or more suits were promptly filed to have the wicked measure expunged from the statute books. But apparently confidence in a court victory waned as the Constitutional issues were more thoroughly explored. So the state legislature was induced to give unanimous approval to a law which Governor McKeldin has just signed declaring any tax on advertising invalid after January 1, 1959. Even the embarrassment of the tax for the balance of the year will, it seems, be removed. For having decided to run for the Senate, and being less well-known throughout the state than in Baltimore, it occurred to Mayor d'Alesandro, on second thought, that there might be something—there must be something—oppressive about the tax. But how was he to ask the Council to repeal a measure which he had so recently, and defiantly, insisted that it adopt? The perfect formula, fortunately, was soon found. In view of the nation-wide recession, the city's need for revenue must yield to the paramount necessity of giving business "a shot in the arm." To restore the advertising fraternity's morale, the Mayor has said that he will ask the Council to repeal the tax. The Maryland Advertising Council is jubilant, but warns that eternal vigilance must be maintained to the end that "no local government will ever again attempt to single out advertising" for taxation. But should the recession continue and the need for additional municipal revenue become acute, this wicked tax may be revived. Somehow we can't shake the conviction that the last has not been heard of the scandalous Baltimore ad-tax.

Oil Quotas and High Prices . . *by William A. Clark*

San Francisco

AMONG THE MANY lobbies camped in Washington this year to carve out special favors for themselves in the foreign-trade act that is up for renewal is one that must be the envy of all the rest: the U.S. oil producers represented by the Independent Petroleum Association of America.

This group, eager to keep the current world surplus of oil from lowering the prices paid by American consumers, is one of the loudest and largest groups demanding protective tariffs—and also enjoys advantages on Pennsylvania Avenue that the modest clothespin - manufacturers' lobby, for instance, can only dream about.

In the first place, it speaks with the same Texas accent as the leaders of the majority party in both houses of Congress—a drawl that has been known to have a certain appeal at the White House. It is also well known for its willingness to honor statesmen of both parties with campaign contributions. But perhaps its greatest advantage is that the keen-edged argument it will use to inflict what the President considers "crippling amendments" has been sharpened for it by the Eisenhower Administration's own oil policy.

The powerful "independents" are opposed on this issue by the companies that import oil—the "majors" such as the various Standard Oil companies, Shell, Tidewater Associated and Sun Oil. The majors produce oil both here and abroad, refine it and sell it to the public; the independents usually produce oil only in the United States, selling the crude to the majors and other refiners for processing and sale to the public. Both groups are naturally interested in avoiding oil surpluses that might drag prices down, but they have never been able to agree on methods.

The majors can produce oil so cheaply in such places as Saudi Arabia and Sumatra that even after shipping it costs them less than oil produced domestically. They have therefore stepped up imports of foreign crude instead of buying more from the independents. Imports have gradually taken over about 10 per cent of the U.S. oil market, while one-third of the nation's own producing capacity has been shut down to prevent a price-depressing sur-

WILLIAM A. CLARK, free-lance writer and radio commentator, is West Coast correspondent of The Economist (*London*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plus. Each big oil-producing state (except California, where there hasn't been an oil surplus) has a regulatory agency that decrees how much oil can be produced each month to safeguard prices. The most important one, the Texas Railroad Commission, for instance, is allowing the state's wells to operate an average of only nine days this month.

Three years ago, when the foreign-trade act was last before Congress, the independents demanded protection in the form of mandatory quotas and tariffs. Then, as now, they were opposed by the majors, who naturally object to both tariffs and quotas.

The Eisenhower Administration was also opposed to mandatory restrictions on imports, not only because it has friends among the major companies, but because its special pride and joy has been the cause of freer trade with our friends and allies abroad, some of whom produce oil. It managed to avoid having mandatory restrictions enacted by promising to deal with the oil situation under the President's discretionary tariff powers.

SUCH POWERS are supposed to be used by the President only in the interests of national security—as, for instance, when there is danger that U.S. production of some strategic war material will end unless cheaper imports from foreign producers are discouraged. Although some rather dubious interpretations of what is really necessary for national security have been made, the Administration has generally resisted selfish pressure. Otherwise, of course, a firm like General Motors might demand prohibitive tariffs on Volkswagens, for instance, and all hopes for freer trade would be completely dead.

In the case of the independent oilmen, however, the Administration has done everything it could, short of actually imposing tariffs, to discourage oil imports and so preserve the markets—and prices—of domestic producers. It has tried to appease the independents' clamor against rising imports in the naive hope that they would not try to write tariffs and quotas into the trade act again this year. In the process, it has not only ignored the public's and the nation's economic interests, but has actually undermined its own goal of freer trade.

In order to crowd the independents under the protective umbrella of the national security, the Administration has embraced as official U.S. policy the ingenious argument that oil imports, instead of strengthening the nation by conserving its own resources, actually weaken it by discouraging the search for more underground reserves.

BUT this argument ignores certain facts. Oil exploration is already heavily subsidized through the "depletion allowance" that makes 27½ per cent of oil income-tax free. Moreover, we already have about three million barrels a day of stand-by capacity above the present restricted output of seven million barrels a day. It also ignores the real reason the independents have curtailed their own production and demand protection from the current world-wide surplus of oil: the fear that prices may drop.

During the Suez crisis, for instance, when imports from the Near East were cut sharply and world supplies were being diverted to Europe, the independents resisted the Government's pleas for increased production and, instead, exploited the crisis to force an increase in crude-oil prices, which the majors promptly passed on to the public.

Then, when imports began to rise again after the crisis, the independents cried loudly to the Administration for protection. For once, they hoped to make the importers sacrifice some business to hold prices up.

In this they were successful. Last July the Administration obediently launched a program of import restrictions "in the interests of national security." A special Cabinet committee decreed, company by company and barrel by barrel, just how much foreign oil the importers should bring into the East Coast. (The five Western states were left out because they do not produce enough oil for their own needs.)

Although the quotas were "voluntary," the majors dutifully went along, as interested as anyone in maintaining hard-won price rises. They knew, too, that mandatory restrictions might be slapped on if they didn't. Some of them couldn't resist, though, trying to make up for the cutbacks by pouring imports through the loophole that had been left open into the West. The independents began to clamor for the hole to be corked.

On Christmas Eve—appropriately enough—the Cabinet committee announced its latest gift to the independents — extension of the import quotas to the West. The trouble is that the national-security umbrella hoisted over Texas just doesn't cover the facts of oil life in the West. In being stretched to cover California, it becomes transparent.

First to see through it were our oil-producing neighbors, Canada and Venezuela. Canada, whose new western oil industry has a natural market in the U.S. Northwest, sent a bitter official protest to the State Department, pointing out that in time of war Canadian oil would be as available for "national security" as our own. "How long can we place ourselves economically at the mercy of a country whose government weakly yields to this, that and the other protectionist?" asked the Toronto *Globe and Mail*.

And it was no surprise to the Canadians when, within a month, "the powerful and myopic U.S. oil lobby" —as the *Globe and Mail* calls it— showed it was still not satisfied. Even before the President had officially asked Congress for renewal of the trade act, the oilmen had wrecked his long-time hope of appeasing them. They denounced the "voluntary" program as a failure and said they would insist on punitive tariffs and quotas on oil imports.

THE REASON why import restrictions were ridiculous on the West Coast was that when the "protection" arrived, the area was suffering none of the hardships that gave at least some substance to the Eastern independents' cries of anguish. In California, which produces all the West's oil, a slight drop in oil exploration had begun long before oil imports became "excessive." The reason is simple: there just aren't any more good places to look for oil

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the state. It has been drilled like a pin-cushion without a major discovery in the last ten years. Because the only new sources lie in such expensive areas as the tidelands, residential communities and deeper layers in existing fields, California oil companies have been flocking to Alaska, Venezuela and the Rocky Mountains to spend their depletion allowances.

And until the end of last year California fields were operating at full capacity even though domestic production elsewhere was heavily curtailed. The difference had been recognized in the original exemption of the West from quotas: California has never been able to produce enough oil for the area's needs.

Even at full blast, California's oil production had gradually fallen for five years while demand continued to grow with the Western boom. Imports have been needed to fill the gap. Importers have not tried to bring in more than just enough, partly because they don't want to undermine the scarcity-based prices of the area, but also because they have feared—with reason—the political power of the California independents.

California does not have such a body as the Texas Railroad Commission because the independents want the importers, rather than themselves, to bear the burden of supporting prices by restricting supplies. When the importers tried in 1956 to create such a body by popular vote, they were roundly beaten in a campaign in which both sides spent millions of dollars calling each other "sharks" and "spoilers" [see Million-Dollar Mix-Up, by Gene Marine, *The Nation,* October 27, 1956]. The bewildered and disgusted public, in effect, sided with the independents by voting the proposal down.

Now the independents have successfully counter-attacked, preserving their first crack at the market by getting the Administration to act as a "railroad commission" restricting imports.

In the absence of any facts to support its national-security arguments, the Administration's program looks like little more than an attempt to divide the rich Western market between the two industry factions, giving preference to the independents but protecting the prices of both. If the Government weren't a party to it, such a neat cartel-like arrangement would probably be considered an illegal combination in restraint of trade. And, of course, the last thing the oil industry wants is unrestrained competition, with a free play of supplies, demand—and prices.

Oddly, the oil industry suddenly becomes a very articulate champion of free enterprise and freedom from government regulation when it comes to such issues as the Federal Power Commission's authority over natural-gas production.

The final irony of the transparent "protection" of California oil producers is that it did not work out as well as it was supposed to, because of the one development nobody could control. The recession caused a drop in Western oil demand just as the importers were pouring oil through the loophole in the quotas last fall. By early February, the careful calculations of how much oil was needed for "national security" turned out to be too high, and even under the quotas (which the importers are obeying), oil has stacked up. Gasoline price wars have broken out and the dreaded cut in the price of crude oil seems inevitable.

The surplus of oil in California, the nation and the world, deepened by the recession, is sure to increase the pressure on Congress for quotas and tariffs on foreign oil. And in their quest for protection, the independents will have a very useful weapon with which to frustrate the Administration's hopes for freer trade —their status as an industry vital to the national security, conferred on them by the Administration itself.

TEST-TUBE PATERNITY . . *by Alan F. Guttmacher*

NO TECHNIQUE in medical science occupies such a splendid place in limbo as does the non-sexual conception of a child. Tabloids call such progeny "test-tube babies"; the term used by the medical and legal profession is "children by artificial insemination." Nowhere in the world has it yet been established whether the practice of artificial insemination is legal or illegal. No doctor who performs an artificial insemination can be assured that he is safe from arrest or lawsuit. No child born of such a conception is protected from the label of bastard, except by the uncertain cloak of secrecy.

A few judges and tribunals have made rulings about artificial insemination, always as part of a divorce settlement. Some of their pronouncements have the same sound of senseless screaming that, one gathers, permeated the Salem witch trials. In 1921, a court in Ontario, Canada, ruled that a woman who submitted to artificial insemination was committing adultery and added, "It is conceivable that such an act performed against her will might constitute rape." Three years later, an English court agreed that the conception of a child by a man other than the husband constitutes adultery and the resulting offspring is therefore illegitimate. As recently as 1954, an Illinois court ruled that artificial insemination is "contrary to public policy and good morals."

On the other hand, a New York court in 1948 was requested to deny visiting rights to the divorced husband of a woman whose child was conceived by artificial insemination; at the time of the conception, both parents had assented to the procedure. The court ruled that the husband was the legal father, even

ALAN F. GUTTMACHER is chief of obstetrics and gynecology at Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City, and professor at Columbia Medical School.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

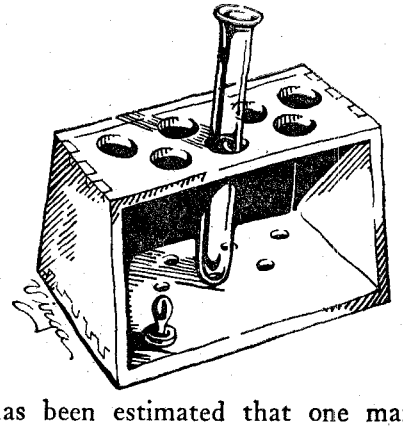
though not the biological parent. A Scottish judge, Lord Wheatley, stirred the cauldron of British public opinion on January 11, this year, when he announced in Edinburgh that artificial insemination of a wife without her husband's consent was not adultery since no physical gratification was involved, though conceivably it might be grounds for divorce.

In true British fashion, the case spilled over into the lay press. The English dailies and weeklies have printed scores of letters regarding artificial insemination, most of them anti. One from the *British Weekly* concludes: "It is surely Christian duty to face childlessness in a proper Christian spirit, with the knowledge that suffering of any kind, so borne, is redemptive." A writer in the *New Statesman* says: "There are twenty married couples in a nearby road. I asked myself how many of the husbands I could tolerate without complete repulsion as donors. . . . There were three. . . . If one cannot bear the physical appearance of 85 per cent of men, in relation to the possibility of bearing a child from one of them, one might be equally repelled by the child when it is born. . . ." Another letter states: "We are in at the dawn of a new and secret aristocracy in which even the wisest child may sometimes glance dubiously at its own father. Both of them are entitled . . . to look expectantly toward the legislators."

Some ecclesiastic voices have been raised against artificial insemination. The Archbishop of Canterbury in 1948 appointed a committee to study the matter and approved its report that "the evils necessarily involved in artificial insemination by donor are so grave that early consideration should be given to framing legislation to make the practice a criminal offense." Pope Pius XII repeatedly has denounced artificial insemination as "immoral and absolutely illicit." However, many Protestant sects (other than the High Church of England) and non-orthodox Jewry are permissive toward the procedure.

It is essential to understand that there are two types of artificial insemination. Under certain circumstances, it is medically necessary artificially to inject the husband's semen in order to bring about a conception. Known as artificial insemination by husband, or A.I.H., this has universal acceptance by courts and clergy. The other type, and the one I believe to be overwhelmingly more prevalent, is artificial insemination with semen obtained from a donor, chosen by the doctor, who is unknown to the recipient. Artificial insemination by donor, or A.I.D., is the issue in dispute.

It has never seemed to me a complicated moral problem. I consider it a safe, logical and humane solution to a very common tragedy. It



has been estimated that one marriage in every ten is involuntarily infertile. In slightly under half the cases, the husband is at fault. The wife, capable of bearing children, remains barren. If a baby seems to such a couple a vital ingredient of their existence, two choices are open: adoption or artificial insemination. Adoption has the advantage of giving both husband and wife precisely the same relationship to the child; many couples prefer to divide evenly the onus of their childlessness. The major disadvantage is that adoption agencies usually cannot fill an application for a baby for a year, two years, often longer—and sometimes never. Accurate statistics in this area are difficult to acquire, but among Caucasians in this country it is said that there are ten couples seeking a baby to each normal, adoptable newborn. Since in many communities the religion of the adopted baby and the adopting parents must be the same, religious minorities find themselves at a special disadvantage.

More often than not, artificial insemination can provide the couple with a newborn baby within a year. Without being faithless, the wife can experience the emotional satisfaction of motherhood. The resultant son or daughter is 50 per cent more naturally the couple's own than an adopted child. The difficulty, of course, is that such a child is in a desperate situation should the marriage collapse. There is also the dimly understood strain on the husband, who may feel his lack of fertility constantly mocked by the stranger's child his wife has borne.

People who request artificial insemination are generally of very high caliber. Those I have dealt with have been not only intelligent, but emotionally mature. The men have faced their own sterility without loss of self-respect or emotional perspective. Love for their wives is sufficiently strong and selfless to support the strain that pregnancy through an outside agent might impose on their male pride.

Considering the obstacles placed in their path by muddled idealists, an ambivalent law and distraught doctors who sometimes insist on notarized consent forms, an astonishing number of people have succeeded in having a family by means of artificial insemination. Reliable statistics are impossible to obtain for obvious reasons. In twenty years of performing artificial inseminations—because of the press of other medical duties, I have done none since becoming a New Yorker in 1952—I have delivered about 150 babies who were conceived artificially. In only three cases was the semen derived from the mother's husband.

THE USE of donor semen is indicated in a few situations other than the husband's sterility. I had one case involving first cousins married to each other whose babies, three in a row, arrived into the world malformed (I am not implying that this is a frequent happenstance when cousins marry; I have delivered several cousin-couples of splendid children). In some cases a live birth had proved repeatedly impossible because of severe sensitization of the wife's blood to the Rh positive factor of the husband. More rarely, a husband prefers not to father his own

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

child because of some deleterious hereditary characteristic which he will not risk transmitting.

The doctor who performs artificial insemination has two enormous responsibilities, it seems to me. One is in judging that the child will be raised in a stable marriage. In other words, the doctor must attempt to discover in each case whether artificial insemination is mainly desired by the sterile couple merely as an adhesive agent to glue together a cracked marriage. In such a situation, the physician must have sufficient intestinal fortitude to refuse to perform the procedure.

The doctor's second responsibility is the choice of a donor. Only one piece of legislation exists to define any sort of standards for semen donors, as far as I know. It is the Sanitary Code of New York City, which stipulates that artificial insemination must be performed by a licensed physician and the donor must pass a rigid health examination to determine that he is free of venereal disease, has a family background clear of any disquieting taints and is in sound physical condition. To this is added, naturally, a semen analysis to insure that his spermatozoa are of the right order and a blood test to establish that his Rh factor is compatible with the woman to be inseminated.

These are all health precautions; there are also conditions, open to the whim of the doctor, which are imposed in the name of humanity. When I was performing many artificial inseminations a few years ago in Baltimore, I had the choice of a large number of donors, medical students and young medical house officers. I believe it is vital for all doctors practicing artificial insemination that they have a large number of intelligent men from whom to make a selection. In most instances the donors I used were married men with children I had delivered myself, giving me knowledge of the kinds of babies they had fathered.

From this group I made my selection, matching the donor as closely as possible with the physical appearance of the husband. Some doctors, anticipating the possibility of a future paternity test, also match the donor's blood in all testable particulars with that of the husband. I believe this shows a wanton lack of faith in the project, which might better be abandoned if such an elaborate safeguard is necessary.

Indeed, I reject any procedure in connection with A.I.D. which reflects lack of faith by any of the parties concerned. Some doctors arrange to protect themselves from possible lawsuit or arrest by having the applicant couple sign consent forms, which are witnessed and even fingerprinted. I refuse to consider any activity of mine so shady, or the people with whom I am dealing so vacillating, as to make this necessary. Another evasion is in the signing of the birth certificate, which names the mother's husband as the father; some doctors avoid what I believe to be this whitest of lies by having another obstetrician perform the delivery. This other doctor, who is kept uninformed of the baby's origin, signs the birth certificate in good faith and the man who assisted with the artificial insemination presumably feels he has avoided an untidy bit of chicanery.

ANOTHER curious practice is mixing some of the husband's semen with that of the fertile donor. This is done to give the sterile husband the unrealistic belief that he may be the natural father. It seems to me a rather immature fantasy; such a reluctance to live with harsh reality would eliminate a man, as far as I am concerned, as a candidate for an artificially-inseminated child.

This brings me to the matter of the high qualifications that doctors should require in a couple applying for an artificial insemination. I accepted about two-thirds of the couples who came to me, a rather high proportion and proof in itself of the caliber of people who profess interest. I must be certain in my own mind that both man and wife are equally anxious for the insemination and that I am not dealing with a case in which the woman's entreaties have succeeded in temporarily persuading a reluctant husband.

The actual technique of artificial insemination varies greatly, depending on the theories and experiences

of the doctor. Artificial insemination is ordinarily performed in the doctor's office. Some doctors prefer highly sterile techniques but most have discovered that ordinary cleanliness will suffice. The semen, collected in a clean glass container, is left at some spot mutually convenient to donor and doctor, so that the latter may have it ready for use in his office within an hour. The donor should never appear in person, since it is inexcusable to risk the woman and donor meeting.

Only trial and error, based on educated guessing, will determine what moment in the woman's cyclic life is the moment when a conception will occur. In a patient with a twenty-eight-day cycle, the physician commonly injects the semen on the eleventh or twelfth day, counting the first day of the menses as day one. Many recommend a second or third insemination at intervals of forty-eight or seventy-two hours thereafter.

In about 30 per cent of cases, A.I.D. proves unsuccessful. Almost all the successful conceptions are effected within the first three months; after four months of trying to pinpoint the time of ovulation, each month changing the days of treatment, the likelihood of conception deteriorates sharply.

Happily, some women are able to conceive without the slightest difficulty. I know of a woman who had five children as a result of four artificial inseminations, once giving

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

birth to twins. Many couples who desire a second child ask that the donor be the same person. The first baby has been such a delight they hope to duplicate its quality and general appearance.

The human frailty of seeing what you expect to see works benignly in the case of an artificially-inseminated child. I once attended the christening of a baby I had delivered after assisting with such a conception. All the relatives of the legal father were there, cooing over the infant and pointing out to one another how much he looked like his paternal grandfather. The father and I exchanged a knowing wink.

I SUSPECT that the practice of artificial insemination is increasing. In 1947, the American Society for the Study of Sterility appointed three doctors, John O. Haman, John MacLeod and myself, to make a survey of its members regarding their practices and attitudes toward donor insemination. We found that the doctors who replied to our request for information were four to one in favor of artificial insemination (this was a cross-section of experts in the field of infertility, not general practitioners). Thirty-eight physicians were treating from one to fifty-five women in the year of the query, with a total case load that year of 568 women. No such study has been made recently, but I believe it will be found some day that artificial insemination is becoming a more common method of procreation than many realize.

What advice have I to give couples contemplating donor insemination? In the first place, it is no cure for female barrenness; it is primarily useful in those cases in which the woman is judged to be normally fertile and her husband, though virile, is infertile. This can only be determined by microscopic examination of the fresh ejaculate; no doctor, no matter how omniscient, can judge a man's fertility by looking at him. My second piece of advice is, be sure you are both equally convinced that A.I.D. is the ideal solution for your problem. If either of you is lukewarm, forget it. Also be as sure as mortals can be that this is likely to be the one and only marriage for both of you. Finally, if A.I.D. is morally or ethically repugnant to either of you, do not attempt it.

If you determine to have donor insemination, choose your doctor carefully. Select an expert in the field of infertility, preferably a physician associated with a medical school or a large teaching hospital. If you cannot locate such a man, call the best hospital in your community and ask to be referred to one of their infertility specialists. If he does not practice A.I.D., he is in the position to refer you to a competent colleague who does. After choosing the doctor, go to see him and the three of you discuss thoroughly the whole matter together. If there is a complete meeting of the minds concerning the signing or the non-signing of legal papers, the choosing of a donor, etc., go through with it. If not, drop the matter or choose another doctor.

Originally developed as a staple of animal husbandry, artificial insemination had its first human application 150 years ago. A London doctor succeeded in impregnating the wife of a Strand linen draper with semen from her husband. In 1866, a doctor in the United States announced the first success here and then later decided the whole affair was an immoral medical practice. In the near-century of time since, there has been no precise resolution of the confused moral and legal issues involved.

Science has advanced bravely nonetheless. Though semen employed in human artificial inseminations is rarely older than an hour or two, cattle breeders frequently freeze and store semen for use weeks, months or years later. This has also been done successfully in a small experimental human series by a group of research workers at the University of Iowa. It has occurred to several philosophers and geneticists that the seed of the finest men of each age might be preserved indefinitely, reserved for some superior woman as yet unborn who might then give birth to greatness. As a prerequisite, the definition of greatness will have to receive greater standardization and more universality than today's chauvinistic world permits.

PEACEFUL TO A FAULT . . *by George Kirstein*

AMERICANS ARE a peace-loving people. Our newspaper headlines repeat this truism daily and add to it that the United States is the leader of the confederation of peace-loving nations of the world. We do love peace—almost all of us. If a secret ballot were conducted in nearly any assemblage of Americans in any part of the country, there would not be a handful of votes for war, despite our almost unanimous distaste for the Russian Government and its aims. It is because I accept and share in the almost universally held belief that Americans are peace-loving that I had so much trouble with the Man from Mars. I had eaten a far-too-heavy lunch and was drowsy when he approached me and inquired politely, "I am in the land of the peace-loving peoples?"

"You are," I assured him.

"Tell me," said he, "of your history, so I may judge for myself by Martian standards whether you deserve the appellation. Have you ever engaged in war?"

The conversation which followed was unexpectedly painful, for by a series of pointed questions he made me admit that in our less than 200-year history as a republic, we had fought — besides the Indians — the English twice, the Germans twice, Austria twice, Italy, Japan, China, Spain, Mexico and France. This, of course, left out invasions without formal declarations of war on Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, China and Russia. This listing also left out our bloodiest war, the one that we fought

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between ourselves, the Civil War, and it seemed to me that the Martian questioned me very sharply on this episode.

From my knowledge of American history as it is taught in our best schools, I explained to my inquisitor exactly how and why we had been forced to defend ourselves in each of these cases. He appeared to be particularly skeptical of our intentions, because only the early wars with the English, and our Civil War, were fought on American soil. I assured him that in all other cases, had we not defended ourselves abroad, America would have been overrun by the enemy. I could see that I had not altogether persuaded the Martian, despite my full explanation of the tensions which had led to each conflict.

"Tell me, now," said he, "of your allies in this 'peace-loving confederation' which America leads."

"Well," said I, "first there are the English."

"Oh," said he, "wasn't that the country that you had to pull off the backs of the Egyptians only a year or so ago?"

IT WAS hard to be even-tempered with the Man from Mars. His questions seemed directed toward inquiry, but he had a curious lack of human logic which made him stubborn in his refusal to understand the political realities of life. I explained to him about Nasser, about the Suez Canal, about oil, Britain's very life blood.

"But is it not true that the English have engaged in even more wars than your impressive list in the last 200 years?" he asked.

I admitted that this might be true, but pointed out that during this period they had been world leaders with the major responsibility for keeping peace and order on this planet. It had, therefore, been necessary for the English to patrol many continents and many seas, which naturally had led to conflicts with local residents who had not thoroughly understood the British role in historical terms.

"And your other allies in this peace-loving confederation?" asked the Martian.

"France is the other main power," I told him. "But, of course, we are allied with the West Germans and the Japanese, as well."

"Was not France the country that recently bombed the unarmed village in Tunisia?" he inquired.

I explained to him that this unfortunate incident had been made militarily necessary because France was at war with Algeria. As he didn't seem to be altogether satisfied with my explanation, we passed on to a discussion of the demonstrably peace-loving characteristics of the German people and the Japanese.

If I failed to persuade him, I can only plead the difficulty of dealing with the non-human mentality. My Martian questioner was not rational in any human sense. Nor did he appear to understand the emotions or the pride of nationality which make it impossible for earth countries to bear insults with equanimity.

"My time here is limited," he told me. "May we pass on now from history to current events? You in this country are arming again for war, are you not?"

"Oh, no," I assured him. "We arm only for peace. We arm so that our enemy, in this case Russia, will be deterred from attacking us. We arm so that we may negotiate for disarmament from a position of strength."

He seemed puzzled at this clear explanation, but began a series of questions about the frequent statements of our military leaders on the new weapons which are in a state of development.

"As I understand it, you now have enough explosives to eliminate all life on this planet," he said.

I nodded.

"Well," said he, "then why do you devote so much time and money and energy to making still more weapons?"

I explained that while we possessed the ultimate in explosives, our methods of delivering them to their targets on enemy soil were out of date. Our enemy has developed more efficient delivery devices which, unless they are matched, place us in a position of constant danger. I stressed that the Soviet Union's past performances would seem to justify our fears.

"And there is no way of agreeing with your enemy for an end to all this?" inquired the Martian.

"Not from a position of weakness," I assured him. "The enemy only understands force; therefore, we must be stronger than he before we can talk."

HE DID not seem convinced of the obvious wisdom of this observation, and began questioning me about our scientists.

"You have a distinguished scientist," he inquired, "who glories in the title Father of the H-bomb?"

"Oh, yes," I explained, "but Teller's views are generally discredited by other scientists. He believes that while radioactive fall-out is not necessarily good for humans, it does them very little harm. The overwhelming majority of scientists don't agree with him."

"But his views prevail on testing these weapons, do they not?" the Martian asked.

"Only temporarily," I assured him. "We will soon stop testing and merely speculate scientifically on the destructive capacity of our weapons."

"But your other scientists refuse to work on these weapons of destruction?" the Martian persisted.

I explained the difficult quandary of the scientists. The money for research which expands the boundaries of knowledge comes mostly from the government, and the military branch

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the government, at that. If a scientist wishes to pursue his exploration of the unknown, he is virtually forced by the economic requirements of research to assist in some aspect which ultimately might further weapons development.

The Martian began to show some signs of impatience.

"Tell me," said he, "what happens in this 'peace-loving' country to those who preach for peace, to those who wish an end to this race for arms superiority, and who advocate coming to some form of treaty with your enemy?"

"One must be very careful of subversives," I warned him. "Such people as you describe are very apt to be Communists, believers in the state religion of our enemy."

"Invariably Communists?" he inquired.

"Not invariably," I admitted, "But if not Communists, they might be in the next most dubious classification—'Intellectuals.'"

"How do you define these?" he asked.

"Well, they are people who reach conclusions by mental processes, by logic, by analysis. They are prone to leave out normal human emotions, fears and jealousies. For that reason they are suspect by the great body of their neighbors."

"Only Communists or intellectuals advocate peace movements in your country?" he inquired.

"No," I admitted. "Also the 'naive.'"

"The 'naive'?" he inquired. "Who are they?"

"They are the opposite of the 'realists' who understand the nature of our enemy. This insight is exclusively the property of the realists who strive constantly to lead us all to a true understanding of the necessity of being stronger than the enemy. The realists alone comprehend the true nature of the Russian threat. The 'naive' are those who wrongfully take issue with the realists."

"You leave me in doubt," he said tartly, "that you are truly a peace-loving people." He paused, and said, "Frankly, I don't believe you are."

"But we are," I said in all sincerity. "I am unable to convince you because you interpret our intentions from our acts. But our acts are designed to avoid the very fate that you believe we seek—namely, another war. I assure you that you can interview virtually any resident of this country from the highest official of government to the lowliest citizen and inquire if he wishes war. He will tell you what I have told you. All of us hate war."

"You are fools, then," said the Martian brusquely.

"Only from your irrational point of view," I argued. "But, Martian, you have questioned me at length about our behavior on this planet. Now let me ask you a question. Our astronomers, in peering at outer space through their telescopes, observe from time to time a heavenly body which seems quite stable suddenly vanish in a flash of light. What causes this, Martian?"

"Misdirected nuclear energy," he informed me as he disappeared.

THE UNION LOCAL

MEETINGS WITHOUT MEMBERS . . *by Glenn W. Miller*

JUDGING BY newspaper reaction to the revelations of the McClellan committee, labor would seem to be not only corrupt, but undemocratic. Yet the examples of wrong-doing that have been capturing headlines in a press never noted for friendliness to labor are not really relevant to the broad picture. There are nearly 80,000 union locals in the United States, and the overwhelming majority of them cannot be considered as "tainted" by the current scandals unless, and until, evidence proves otherwise.

Are labor unions really undemocratic? If democracy requires the personal participation of a majority of all members in the activities and policy-making of a given group, then not only labor, but most of our institutions fail to measure up. Clearly, minorities do the active work of running our political parties, churches, corporations, professional organizations, not to speak of government itself at all levels. Obviously, such a definition of democracy is too narrow. A more acceptable one (which furnishes the bench-mark for this survey) requires that, in any organization: (1) every member has the *opportunity* to participate, either personally or through properly elected representatives, in activities and policy-making; (2) minorities are protected from arbitrary or capricious actions of the majority.

The 80,000 union locals in the country vary in membership from a few persons to 60,000. Some are craft locals, some industrial, and there is every conceivable combination of the two. Some locals cover workers with one employer; others include the employment of many different employers. Some locals enjoy a high degree of autonomy; others are subject to a major degree of control by the nationals with which they are affiliated. Thus, anyone examining the situation in local unions can find examples to prove almost anything he wishes. The problem is to try to present that which is typical. For this reason, the writer does not here propose to deal with racketeering or the misuse of local receiverships or trusteeships, which are atypical phenomena in the labor movement as a whole.

Recently the writer, with the as-

GLENN W. MILLER, associate professor of economics at Ohio State University, is the author of Problems of Labor *and other books, as well as many articles, on the labor scene.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sistance of James E. Young, studied the nature and extent of member-participation in six selected local unions. The locals, all in Columbus, Ohio, were chosen because they represented different sizes and types of locals in six different national unions. Meetings were observed over a period of about nine months and many members were interviewed. While most of the judgments expressed here are based on that study, subsequent studies have also been drawn upon, including those by Leonard Sayles and George Strauss, Arnold Rose, Fr. Theodore Purcell, and Hjalmar and Ruth Rosen.

IT seems fair to say that the business of most local unions is conducted at meetings attended by fewer than ten per cent of the members.

Only a small proportion of the few who attend meetings carry on the bulk of the discussion, make motions and participate actively in other ways. Members display marked reluctance toward accepting committee assignments or other union offices. All in all, the local union meeting is likely to be a disappointment to those who want to see widespread, active and informed member participation. The bright spot in the picture is the fact that members *can* and *do* participate when they feel that the situation demands it. A strike vote, a proposal to raise dues, the ratification of a contract, will swell attendance several-fold and prompt wider participation in debate.

There are a number of reasons for the union member's prevailing apathy with regard to his local's activities. Perhaps the most relevant is the fact that meetings simply fail to arouse his interest.

Local union meetings observed by the writer generally have not been challenging or stimulating. Routine, often boring, business drags on. A few loquacious individuals examine minutiae and irrelevancies. Information that might be much more effectively presented in written form (such as minutes or reports on financial standing) is given monotonously in oral reports. Committee reports, or the reports of delegates to central labor bodies, are likely to be given inexpertly and to tell little. Of course, an interested and inquisitive membership can change this situation, and sometimes does.

Both the location and condition of union halls are likely to contribute to poor attendance. While most unions cannot be expected to provide country-club type surroundings, the hall, more often than not, is unnecessarily drab, poorly lighted and located in a less desirable part of the community. A local union which was observed for about nine months opened a new, pleasant and well-equipped hall during the time of the study. Attendance at meetings increased appreciably, possibly because women, more sensitive to such factors, comprised half the membership. A pleasant meeting place is a help, but will not solve the problem.

Conflicting activities keep members away. Probably the most important factor in discouraging union-member activity is the general satisfaction with—or at least absence of strong objection to—the way in which the affairs of the union are progressing. The observations of the writer, the reports of union officers and the conclusions of other writers all indicate that a union member's passivity stems largely from his acceptance of the local's program of activities.

Union members are reasonably easy to satisfy. One study of the writer, with the assistance of Ned Rosen, probed into what members expected their stewards to do, what they thought the stewards actually were doing, and whether the members were satisfied with the functioning of the stewards. Generally the members set very high standards for their stewards, and felt that they were doing appreciably less than was desirable. However, in actual practice, the great majority clearly were willing to accept much less from their stewards than their own "theoretical" standards demanded.

One reason for this acceptance is the union member's recognition that local union jobs are time-consuming and likely to be unpaid, and that getting persons to assume responsibility is difficult. Thus the "let George do it" philosophy lies at the bottom of the acceptance of performance that falls considerably short of stated norms. It is reasonably certain, however, that if the discrepancy between expected and perceived performances grows significantly large, the membership will react.

None of what has been said here means that members necessarily lack any feeling of loyalty to their union. Studies by the writer and by others suggest that most union members generally support the aims and activities of their organization. Perhaps their attitude can best be described as one of "inactive allegiance." Most of them believe that, in the short run at least, the interest of worker and employer diverges sharply; consequently they assume a need for an organization to represent them and to "keep the employers in line." Their attitude cannot be construed, however, as "anti-employer" in any long-range sense.

MOST UNION officers decry the failure of the majority of members to take an active role in their locals. Many methods have been tried to improve attendance at meetings. The gatherings are usually held at a regularly scheduled time and place, and notices are posted prominently. Some locals covering workers on different shifts, or working for a number of employers, hold meetings at different times and places to accommodate the various groups. Free refreshments and door prizes are sometimes distributed; some locals even refund a portion of dues to those who attend meetings. None of these methods has proven of lasting value.

Though many local officers have addressed themselves to the problem, the interest in creating greater membership activity probably is more intense among national officers than among those at the local level. Local officials are perhaps more sensitive to the greater difficulty of handling union business in a large group. While giving vocal support to the idea of increased membership activity, they are inclined to excuse the present situation by arguing that since members can participate when they wish, the essence of democracy persists. They argue that silence—or inactivity—indicates acceptance of existing practices.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is much validity in this point of view. It seems clear that universal and active member participation in locals of several hundred —or thousand—members could be embarrassing, so far as getting work done is concerned. In such cases, some system of dividing up the large local, with delegates or representatives sent from the divisions to the meetings of the parent body, could be adopted.

Probably many of the tears shed at present for the absence of democracy in unions are crocodile tears of critics who are delighted to use any weapon with which they can belabor the union movement. The fact that other institutions which fail equally to measure up to the democratic ideal are never criticized to the same extent suggests a dual standard of evaluation or, at best, a failure to understand the practical operation of a union.

True, the existence of a dual standard does not excuse the inactivity of union membership. A solution to the problem is not clear. Legislation is not the answer; we cannot enact laws that will insure the conscientious practice of democracy. The best that can be done is to enact measures requiring that full opportunity for participation be available. But the constitutions or by-laws of most unions already do this. The need here is not for laws, but for a genuine interest on the part of members in their organizations—a matter beyond legislative reach.

DESPITE this fact, the public will be told time and again that legislation—most probably "right-to-work" laws—is needed to force the union movement to put its house in order. While there is no connection between these laws and the problem discussed herein (nor the right to work, for that matter), such legislation will be offered as a panacea for the many ills allegedly infecting the labor movement.

The most effective answer to the problem of membership lethargy is to keep a crisis situation omnipresent. As a continuing practice, this is neither advisable nor defensible. Ultimately, the only practical solution seems to lie in the continued education of workers on their responsibilities as union members. The member must be made to understand that his union cannot serve him, or society, adequately, unless he in turn supports it by active participation in the activities of his local.

Many unions, notably the nationals, have recognized the need for a better program of member-education. Many hundreds of educational conferences and short courses are being held each year, some conducted by unions alone and some in cooperation with colleges and universities. The beginnings are significant, but only scratch the surface. Even so, they serve to point accurately the direction in which unions should move.

H-BOMB OVER BRITAIN . . *by Paul Johnson*

A FORTNIGHT ago, great indignation was aroused here by an article in the New York *Herald Tribune* under the signature of Joseph Alsop. Mr. Alsop had, it seemed, recently spent a few days in London and had failed to find that unanimity of opinion which, according to him, is so characteristic of Britain. This in itself was enough to raise quizzical eyebrows, since Englishmen do not believe themselves to be particularly monolithic, and indeed the most frequent criticism they level against their American cousins—as Randolph Churchill recently reminded us—is their tendency to think alike. However, more surprising still was Alsop's analysis of the cause of the current divisions—which, according to him, made London reek of defeatism. What worried the English, said Alsop, was the country's appalling economic and financial dependence on Middle East oil and Commonwealth raw materials. It so happens, as the *Economist* tartly pointed out, that every statistic on which Alsop's article was based was not only wrong, but wildly so. It also happens that although Englishmen are currently worried and divided about many things, they are not—for the moment, at least—at all concerned with oil or other raw materials.

Nevertheless, Alsop's point is taken: we *are* worried, we *are* divided, and it is astonishing that a journalist of Alsop's experience was unable to lay his finger on what we are divided about. To us Londoners, it seems perfectly obvious: the H-bomb. It is now virtually the sole serious topic of conversation among the educated middle-class and, if opinion polls are to be trusted, it is being increasingly debated among the workers also. What set in motion the present hubbub is not entirely clear. It may have been George Kennan's brilliant Reith Lectures on the BBC. It may have been the announcement, at the end of last year, that both the United States and Britain are now flying permanent H-bomb patrols over our heads. Or it may have been the laconic statement, in the new Defense White Paper, that it is now our policy to use the H-bomb first, even if the Russians attack us with only conventional weapons. Or perhaps it has been all of these things together.

But whatever the reasons, there is no doubt that the H-bomb issue overshadows all others in British politics today. A few months ago, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament was set up with the help of novelist J. B. Priestley, philosopher Bertrand Russell and a small group of Quaker pacifists. As one who was concerned in its initial stages, this reporter can testify that the organizers were not unduly optimistic about

PAUL JOHNSON, a frequent contributor, is on the staff of the New Statesman (*London*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the campaign; we thought it would take many months, perhaps years, to arouse popular interest. Instead, the response was staggering. The group's meetings in London have been packed to the doors, and thousands have been turned away. Local branches have sprung up, spontaneously, all over the country, and the movement is now, in the fullest sense of the word, nation-wide. But the biggest impact of all has been on the universities, which until very recently had been denounced by their elders and betters as disturbingly apolitical.

OXFORD started the ball rolling by publishing a special issue of the university magazine, *The Isis*, entirely devoted to the bomb, and assailing it from all concerns of the intellectual spectrum. Then followed a poll which revealed an overwhelming response in favor of unilateral British abandonment of nuclear weapons. Nottingham, London and Cambridge followed suit, and more polls are to be held in the dim provincial citadels which "Oxbridge" men disparagingly refer to as "red-brick." At Oxford, indeed, a group of young women (relying on the comforting fact that men students outnumber them eight to one) have adopted the tactics of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* and are refusing all invitations, let alone advances, from any except confirmed anti-H-bomb men. Other universities are organizing battalions of students for a protest march on the Atomic Weapons Establishment at Aldermaston, scheduled to take place from Good Friday to Easter Sunday.

What does it all mean? In the House of Lords, the Bishop of St. Albans has referred to these young people as "agitated." Lord Hailsham, Chairman of the Tory Party, has denounced what he calls "government by undergraduate ballot," and Tories generally have been quick to use such adjectives as "hysterical" and "emotional." The Tory press is busy informing its readers that it was the Peace Ballot of 1935, and the famous Oxford Union pacifist resolution of 1934—"This House Will Not Fight for King and Country"—which led Hitler to conclude that the British were "decadent" and so paved the way for the Second World War. Whether Hitler was misled by the undergraduate pacifists or — what seems more likely — by his fawning admirers in the Tory Party and press is, of course, highly debatable, as the Left has angrily pointed out. Still, the question remains: are these young people moved more by their heads or their hearts?

It is true, of course, that much of the dynamic of the anti-H-bomb campaign is emotional. Mr. Priestley admits as much. So do Victor Gollancz, the publisher, John Berger, the art critic, and Philip Toynbee, the novelist, who have taken a prominent part in the meetings. But equally, the movement contains a number of hard-headed realists: military strategists like Captain Liddell Hart and Sir Stephen King-Hall (whose book, *Defense in the Nuclear Age*, has become a best-seller before publication); shrewd students of current affairs, like A. J. P. Taylor; and scientists like Professors Rotblatt and Blackett. What is more, there is a good deal of evidence that their hard-headed arguments are making a far greater appeal to undergraduates than the easy emotionalism of Messrs. Priestley and Co. Indeed, at the big demonstration held in Oxford in the first week of March, the "emotionalist" speakers did not get an easy hearing, and the propaganda literature put out by the students is markedly sober and factual in tone. When the *Daily Express* — a confessed and bitter enemy of the anti-H-bomb campaign —sent a reporter to probe the mood among young people, he was forced to admit that "they are an extraordinarily hard-headed, commonsense lot." Most people who have bothered to go down to Oxford and Cambridge have reached the same conclusion.

WHAT THIS can mean in terms of politics is anybody's guess. Though the leaders of both parties are agreed on retaining the British H-bomb, their nervous glances over their shoulders to see what their followers are up to have become increasingly frequent of late. There are many critics of the Defense White Paper among the Tories; for it is argued, even by some of those who have no inherent objection to the bomb, that we could more profitably spend the money on buying conventional weapons, of which we are sadly and increasingly deficient. The Labor Party is split three ways. There are those, including George Brown, the party's Defense spokesman, who see more or less eye-to-eye with the Tory leaders; there are those—like Mr. Bevan —who would keep the bomb for the present, but negotiate it away as soon as possible; and there are those, perhaps about a third, who would like to ban it now. The party's official policy, as agreed at last year's Brighton Congress, is far from clear, and some observers believe it will be overthrown in favor of a straight anti-H-bomb line at the coming congress this autumn, particularly if, as seems possible, Mr. Bevan decides to throw in his lot with the abolitionists.

Frank Cousins, the leader of the Transport and General Workers' Union, which controls the biggest bloc of votes in the conference, is a sworn abolitionist, and he is determined to bring his own union executive around to his way of thinking. A combination of Bevan and Cousins would, it is generally agreed, prove irresistible in the long run.

All this, however, is speculation. What seems certain is that an anti-H-bomb line can now win votes. At the recent Rochdale by-election—the biggest Tory defeat since 1934—both Labor and Liberal candidates gave a pledge to abolish the bomb, and together they raked in more than 80 per cent of the votes in an abnormally high poll. When Priestley's anti-H-bomb play — *Doomsday for Dyson* —was telecast early last week, a snap check on viewer reactions afterwards showed 67 per cent in favor of the Priestley line and only 10 per cent against. And the "Priestley line" on this occasion was significant. It was not "ban the bomb"; it was "this concerns *you*"—a passionate plea to ordinary citizens to take an interest, to find out what the politicians were doing and stop them from doing it. The fact is, in short, that the great horror weapon, which has slumbered so long unnoticed in the bomb-bays, has now landed slap in every politician's in-tray.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Uses of Adversity

LIFE PLUS 99 YEARS. By Nathan F. Leopold, Jr. Doubleday & Co. 382 pp. $5.50.

Robert Hatch

IT IS not wise, in fact it is thoroughly unprofessional, to predict that any book will become a classic. But Nathan Leopold's history of his thirty-three years in prison is a classic almost by definition. It so seldom happens that a man equipped by education and temperament to write reflectively of his life finds himself spending that life behind bars that a book of this nature becomes a permanent addition to human experience. You do not get one of them in a generation. The most recent book of this quality that comes to mind is Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, and even that is in a different category—Koestler was not a criminal and he was confined, not in a penitentiary, but in a house of terror. If you want to know what a twentieth century prison is "like"—that is, what it would be like to you if you were put away in one—you really have no choice but to read Leopold's book.

Obviously, it is a strange, unnatural world, but the peculiarities may not be exactly what one would expect. In the first place, prison is perhaps the best place in the world for getting a lot of work done. If Leopold had not killed, he would undoubtedly have become a successful lawyer, married and raised a family, probably associated himself with the social and political activities of his community. He has done none of these things: as substitutes he has put together a library of 16,000 volumes, operated a school offering the full high school curriculum plus the first two years of college, trained himself as a statistician and carried out original and important work in the prediction of parole behavior, become an expert x-ray diagnostician and a registered laboratory technician, kept the books on prison disbursements running to several million dollars a year. He has learned twelve languages, he is conversant with advanced mathematics, he has studied philosophy, psychology and hieroglyphics, he can read and teach Braille. He can, of course, cane a chair (what old convict cannot?) and he has written a long, vivid, entirely fascinating autobiography. It is apparent that Leopold's mind and will are out of the ordinary, but he cites example after example of ordinary prisoners who master disciplines that would be quite outside their grasp in the open world. There is time unlimited in prison.

THEN, TOO, prison is a tolerant, friendly society. It does not offer a normal life, but there are circumstances—and Leopold's was one of them — when it offers the only possible life. At the time of his conviction, he was regarded by the world outside as a monster, an object of fear and disgust; if he had been let into the streets he would have been hounded, perhaps stoned, to death. In the penitentiary he was a green hand, and strangers came forward to teach him the prison argot, to show him the use of a tinder box (matches were forbidden), to warn him against small infractions that would earn him the attention of the guards. From the point of view of prison society, Leopold had committed the right sort of crime. Men who break the law by their wits—embezzlers, for example —are shunned by the convict population as tricky and untrustworthy. Deeds of violence they accept as normal, and the fact that Leopold's crime is one of the most inexplicable in the history of the American law did not trouble the inmates. Murder they understood and they accepted him.

And just beneath this tolerant, almost warm, atmosphere lies incalculable violence. Leopold saw escaping acquaintances die under machine gun fire, he watched men he lodged with kick a guard until his face was gone, he chatted with a friend who carried blood-dripping shears in his hand. The guards by habit adopted an attitude of patronizing authority, rather like the air of an indifferent teacher toward his charges; but they did not hesitate to chain Leopold to the bars of a punishment pen for twelve hours a day, days on end, because he had tried to cook an illicit meal in his cell. When Leopold's father died, Deputy Warden Cvek called him aside and said: "Did you hear anything about your old man?" Leopold said no, and Cvek went on: "Well, I hear he kicked the bucket. I ain't sure, though. If I hear for sure, I'll let you know." Leopold remarks that this was rather brutal, but on the whole he liked Cvek as a strict but fair jailer. Prison, in brief, is an animal world—easy-going, undemanding, conservative, gregariously friendly and on occasion matter-of-factly lethal. It changed a good deal over the thirty years that Leopold lived in it—changes of detail and sometimes of substance that shifted the emphasis from penitentiary toward reformatory—but the atmosphere remains to this day that of the African house at a zoo—tolerant but wary keepers, good-natured, necessarily indolent inmates, endless monotony on the surface and violence ever waiting for a spark.

WHAT sort of man, then, is Leopold who has survived, you might honestly say flourished, in this environment? Above everything else, he has an extraordinary gift for objectivity. In a way it was his fatal gift: it was partly this ability to stand back and observe himself in a frame which allowed him to go along with the murder Dick Loeb was so keen about. But this faculty is the greatest possible boon to him, and to us, when he undertakes his life history. Twenty-five years after the event, Leopold can set down, as precisely as though he had recorded it on film, the things

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that happened to him, and the way he felt about them, during his first forty-eight hours in Joliet. He had committed a crime that horrified him, he had spent agonized months fighting for his life (which he wasn't at all sure he wanted), he had now been locked into a fortress for the rest of that life and he had absolutely no idea what to expect next. But he did not go numb as most of us would have done—he was *interested*. Interested in the rule that convicts must walk on a path a little to one side of and lower than the one used by the guards, interested in the technique of locking and unlocking the cells, noting that the uniform of the jailers looked like that of a railroad conductor, wondering whether it served a purpose to issue clothing in sizes too large for the wearer. He recalls that it was his first breakfast that proved he had entered a foreign land. In the world from which Leopold came, no one ate meat balls and creamed potatoes for breakfast.

Leopold says, and it is probably true, that today he is an entirely different being from the youth whom Darrow saved from the gallows. Except that the power of externalizing his experiences has never left him. He can "see" himself talking to the parole board, he can sort out the various motives that made him insist on being used in the World War II malaria experiments, he can report, with pain but complete objectivity, the circumstances surrounding the publication of Meyer Levin's *Compulsion*. His attitude toward Levin, whose project he resisted from the start, is not merely fair, it is emotionally precise. Therefore, when Leopold says that from the moment of the murder he was terribly sorry for the pain he had caused his family, that for another ten years he felt no remorse for the deed he had done and that since then he has lived with remorse as his constant companion, you can accept this as exactly the case. And when he describes how he felt and what he did when a mad prisoner pressed a knife to his side, you know, for perhaps the first time in your life, how you might respond to a moment of such grotesque peril. Leopold has the gift of communication to a degree rare even among writers much more highly skilled in the art of words.

But Leopold's objectivity is not complete—he has left areas for the reader's own insight and speculation. Thus he still—despite a knowledge of psychiatry far beyond the average—has no explanation for the murder of Bobby Franks. The best he can offer on this point (not at all in an effort to evade the guilt) is that Dick Loeb was such a swell fellow you just had to help him get what he wanted. And Leopold himself rather shakes his head over this motive.

HIS whole attitude toward Loeb is at a level far below his usual awareness. He protests indignantly that there was nothing abnormal in their relationship, and one accepts that as probably true in terms of overt acts. But Leopold's whole attitude is abnormal — he adored Loeb and has never ceased to adore him. True enough, as he grew older he could see that Loeb was a split personality, an amoral charmer as well as a generous teacher and an intellectual perfectionist, but he loved him for his faults as for his virtues. And he says that *everyone* loved him, though the personality he describes so vividly is not what the world calls lovable.

There are other clues in the book to the crime that Leopold looks back upon with puzzled horror. He says he had as fine a family as ever a man was blessed with, and it is true in a way. His father, his brother, the aunt who stood in the place of his dead mother, never showed him anything but love and the most generous support. He was one of them, to be helped and cherished in every way within their power, and so he remained all the days of their lives. Young Leopold worshiped his father, he worshiped his older brother, Mike, he worshiped his aunt and his girl friend, in fact he worshiped just about everyone around him. And in the family he was called "Babe." He had an extraordinary mind and an extraordinary ego (witness its resilience in the last thirty years) and he was the adored baby of an indulgent family. He says at one point, remembering World War I, "I had three older brothers in it; the dog and I stayed home." I don't know why Leopold helped to kill Bobby Franks, but it doesn't seem to me incredible that he did so.

It is because the crime has been called incredible that Leopold stayed so long in prison. He blames the reluctance of parole boards to set him free on the publicity that has always dogged him. And he accepts that notoriety also as his fault—he quotes a friendly doctor who once pointed out to him, when he was beefing about the press, that he and Loeb

A Window, a Table, on the North

From blue to dusk and the lights came.
It was as simple as that
High over the city.
Not as a cry of birds, on wings,
The summer swift green below,
The situation was stone sober.
We were philosophers,
Saw over,
The world wide,
The avenues a distance of arcs
That enclosed like longitudes,
The single point of crossings
The polar night.
Ice came on in the park
A pink rink
And the band blew
Happily
The streets running forever
North and the birds flew high
Companions to our honor
And all over dominion
Lights came out.

RALPH GUSTAFSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had set out to startle the world and brilliantly succeeded. But publicity was an effect of mystery—if a generally acceptable explanation for the murder had ever been forthcoming the interest would have died. Who cares today about the Judd-Snyder case? The parole officials were understandably hesitant. Leopold's record was good, brilliantly good; responsible citizens vied with one another to testify for him. He would never, they said, commit a crime again. But how could they be sure, when no one of them could say why he had committed a crime in the first place? In truth, it is a wonder that he was ever released. I do not mean to imply that I think he should not have been.

LEOPOLD asks now for privacy to complete his life in work of obscure usefulness. He deserves the privacy, but I doubt that he will get it. He is far too interesting a man. People will want to know how he uses his remarkable intelligence in the outside world. They will wonder how he is adjusting to freedom (of course, the job he has taken approximates, in isolation and restriction, the prison life he has left), how his personality changes, what conclusions he finally reaches. I would like myself to know whether, as the years pass, he gets over a kind of humility that sits poorly on him. His book is full of small references to his own insignificance, to the surprising "kindness" and "generosity" of others, to his amazement that work of his should be seriously received. I don't believe that Leopold is really a humble man—a contrite and grateful man, very probably—but not humble. When he writes about his work he shows obvious and perfectly proper pride in it; he knows that it is good. But when he is thrown with other people in common projects, he begins to bow and scrape. It is the mark, I suppose, of a wise old jailbird to treat everyone in authority with exaggerated deference and to be lavish in the expression of thanks. Leopold came through his prison years with a personality better balanced than you could have thought possible; in fact, he made his strong, resourceful, basically serene personality in prison. This flaw, this whiff of hypocritical servility, makes the rest of him the more credible. But he is a man who sets a great value on integrity, and I wonder if he will now strike a just balance between proper gratitude toward others and due respect for himself.

By all the traditions of justice, Loeb and Leopold should have hanged in 1924. There was just nothing to offer in extenuation of their crime and Darrow offered nothing. He said that they were young, and that saved them. If they had been a year older—twenty and no longer teenage boys—they would, I think, certainly have died. If anyone should ever die for a crime, they should have—and yet it is obvious now that it was better for them to live. Leopold became probably the most valuable inmate ever known to the prisons of Illinois and even Loeb's contribution as a teacher was a great advantage to his fellows and thus indirectly to society. They should have died if anyone ever should—and yet it would have been a sore loss. This comes, I think, to saying that no man should ever die by the hand of the law.

Doomed To Be Free

FIRST TRILOGY: Herself Surprised (275 pp.); *To Be a Pilgrim* (343 pp.); *The Horse's Mouth* (289 pp.). By Joyce Cary. Harper & Bros. 3 vols. $5.95.

Ilse D. Lind

JOYCE CARY has always had admirers in America, but they are not nearly so numerous as those, for example, who eagerly pursue the theological convolutions of his countryman, Graham Greene. The intellectuals have never given Cary a whirl, even though — as Walter Allen, the English critic, has observed — his view of life is quite as Existential in its implications as that of Sartre and Camus. Despite a succession of enthusiastic reviews, his novels, one after another as they appeared in this country, quickly found their way to the bookshop remainder shelves. Nor has any serious critical discussion intervened to slow the process.

Cary now is dead; he qualifies posthumously for the fame which should have been his more largely in his lifetime. This omnibus volume, comprising *Herself Surprised*, *To Be a Pilgrim* and *The Horse's Mouth*, offers the reader weary of febrile symbolism and extortionate self-pity the opportunity to experience the impact of a masterwork.

The particular quality of Cary's genius in this trilogy is not easy to convey. Humor, it has been remarked, is the last achievement of a mind striving to integrate itself on a level of supremely mature awareness. The trilogy is humor in this fundamental sense; it is metaphysical comedy ordering the disparate truths of the modern world in the way *Don Quixote* ordered them for the Renaissance. Cary's integrating idea is the concept of human freedom. "What I set out to do [in the trilogy]," he writes in his preface, "was to show three people, living each in his own world by his own ideas, and relating his life and struggles, his triumphs and miseries in that world.... Their situation was to be that of everyone who is doomed or blessed to be a free soul in the free world and solve his problems as he goes through it."

IN reading the novels singly, as one necessarily did when they made their appearance in 1941, 1942 and 1944, one might well have wondered with V. S. Pritchett whether Cary's teeming inventiveness and his total identification with every character he projected, marked him as "a genius or a hoaxer, a fantastic and thinking poet or a demon of Anglo-Irish loquacity and pastiche." Approaching them now in their proper sequence, and with the awareness of their artistic relatedness, all doubt disappears. Hoaxer he is not.

For the trilogy is an integrated work. While a single point of view governs each of the novels, making it unified and autonomous, when all three are played against one another — the major character of one appearing as a minor one in the others — the result is an extra dimension in depth. At the same time, the three viewpoints provide a multiple vision of reality, embodying Cary's belief in the multiplicity of human values. The value-worlds of the three narrators touch and overlap (they cover the same period of English history, all reflecting a late nineteenth

ILSE D. LIND, an associate professor of English at New York University, is co-editor with Leon Edel of Henry James's Parisian Sketches.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century social orientation), but at the same time — and as an expression of Cary's view that each individual creates his own realm of significance — they are opposed, even contradictory. It is not Cary's object to reconcile them, to debase the human condition by oversimplifying it. Each narrator pens his self-justification in old age, in a last desperate attempt to state his case before he is silenced. Stability, rationality, norms of judgment do not exist. Each narrator sees himself quite differently from the way he is seen by others, but we hardly know which view is truer, the subjective or the objective. Perhaps they both are. The problem is delightfully complicated by the dubious respectability of the narrators, all of whom are wanted by the police for crimes ranging from kleptomania to indecent exposure.

UPON this shifting foundation, treacherous and uncertain as life itself, Cary succeeds in building a series of sublime affirmations. He does it by drawing upon seemingly infinite resources. The narrative techniques range from the Defoe-like quality of the first novel to the slapstick and surrealistic invention of the last. Cary's fluency and range of English is perpetually astonishing. The poetic *leitmotifs* woven into each novel—proverbs in one, original couplets in another and Blake's prophetic poems into the third — keep the narrative soaring, while the welter of incident maintains a racing pace.

But above all the vitality of the characters, the realness of their worlds, sustains the exuberant note and brings across the significance to be derived from each tale. Through Sara Monday's strong grasp on life, *Herself Surprised* becomes, beyond the simple level of action, an affirmation of womanhood, of the eternal female involved before her conscious awareness ("herself surprised") in the complications of marital, maternal and extra-marital love. Through the devotion of the old bachelor, *To Be a Pilgrim* becomes a tribute, unique in modern fiction, to that aspect of common striving which fiction rarely renders with justice: the positive worth of money, goods and position, of sentiment and the home, of the religious and political emotions. It is the center — and stabilizing—volume, an extraordinarily subtle and complex work.

Finally, and most joyously, *The Horse's Mouth* proclaims the dynamism of art, through the adventures of Gulley Jimson, creative spirit incarnate and rampant. Jimson, the modern painter, wages the solitary, one-man war of genius with bravado and insolence. He fights against his own human limitations, against the limitations of his medium, against convention, against poverty, against time. The odds are all against him, but in his puny rage, his ludicrous defeats, he becomes a symbol of transcendence, of man's capacity forever to renew his world through those who see visions and give them shape. Joyce Cary himself, one comes to feel, may claim to stand as such a symbol, having brought to realization — amidst so much talk about the end of man and the death of the novel—a creation of this strength and magnitude.

Ageless Imp

THE PRIVATE WORLD OF PABLO PICASSO. By David Douglas Duncan. Harper & Bros. 176 pp. $4.95. Pocket Books, Inc. (paper). $1.50.

A. Hyatt Mayor

THIS electric book provides much more than a glimpse into the private hurly-burly of a conspicuous personality. It is a prime document of art. For a miraculous $1.50 (in the soft-cover edition) we get hundreds of brilliant half-tone reproductions of photographs—so generous an outpouring that these illustrations are not even numbered — which are selected out of 10,000 taken by Mr. Duncan while he lived with the Picassos in the spring and summer of 1957. It is the richest family snapshot album that you ever saw, with sections of text here and there to tell you what is about to happen so that you can understand the pictures without being distracted by captions.

How much more we would know if we could watch the great artists of the past in such intimacy and detail! What would one not give to be able to see Michelangelo chipping marble, bossing quarrymen, making a snowman for the Medici boys, and cramped in the dark between the scaffolding and the Sistine ceiling. The unblinking record of the camera would never allow him to transmogrify into the Sturm-und-Drang Titan, frowning with Weltschmerz, which romantic historians have wished on us. The camera would not belittle a great artist, but it would help us to understand him. To be sure, not many artists have enough variety in their character to bear such an extensive scrutiny as this book provides for Picasso's life. Goya might be one of the very few whose activities would be so enthrallingly rich in aspects.

EVERY page of this book presents a new Picasso — Picasso with a clown's putty nose, Picasso with eyes brimming at the photograph of a dead soldier, Picasso embracing all his family at once, Picasso playing an imaginary bull with a bathtowel, Picasso at his easel — painting, erasing, repainting. Each photograph shows him as unmistakably himself and also unmistakably someone else. He improvises his personality just

A. HYATT MAYOR is Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

For the First Time in English

A complete translation of the leading monthly Soviet Journal

ВОПРОСЫ ЭКОНОМИКИ
PROBLEMS OF ECONOMICS

Voprosy Ekonomiki is the journal of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences, Institute of Economics. Theoretical and descriptive articles on all phases of capitalist and socialist economic life. An indispensible source for all thoughtful students of contemporary affairs.

AMONG THE CURRENT ARTICLES

- Problems of Transition from Capitalism to Socialism in the Chinese Peoples' Republic.
- Soviet Statistics in the Last 40 Years.
- An Attempt to Distort the Picture of Soviet Economic Growth.

$35 per year (12 issues) ***$3 per single copy***

INTERNATIONAL ARTS AND SCIENCES PRESS
33 West 42nd Street **New York 36, N.Y.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as he improvises his paintings, which you see him scrubbing out and altering until an exhibition of his work becomes a series of near disasters and lucky escapades. This provides the exhilaration of his art, and also its unevenness.

The permanent Picasso is to a certain extent the perpetual observer — as any artist must be — but since this artist is a Spaniard he is even more the perpetual participator. If he were not a painter he would be a stand-up stage entertainer, forever inventing in front of an audience. Any dramatic painter must also be an actor (one has only to watch Rembrandt mouthing in a mirror by candle light), but Picasso throws himself into his games with a total gusto, with a ruthless love that absorbs every life around him. One might have to run away, but one could never be bored.

These photographs dispose once and for all of the silly notion that Picasso paints in many styles in order to "fool the public." He approaches painting from so many angles because his energy overflows one life and one personality. The joy, the wit of such an art, could spring only from such an ageless imp. That is his hold on us. This book brings us to the source of his magic. I do not say read it—just watch it in action.

Jazz Poetry

Kenneth Rexroth

A LITTLE short of two years ago, jazz poetry was a possibility, a hope and the memory of a few experiments. Today it runs the danger of becoming a fad. The life of fads is most often intense, empty and short. I feel, on the contrary, jazz poetry has permanent value or I would not have undertaken it.

When it is successful there is nothing freakish or faddish about it nor, as a matter of fact, is there anything specially new. At the roots of jazz and Negro folk song, especially in the Southwest, is the "talking blues." It is not much heard today, but if you flatten out the melodic line, already very simple, in Big Bill Broonzy or Leadbelly, you have an approximation of it, and some of their records are really more talked than sung. This is poetry recited to a simple blue guitar accompaniment. Long before this, in the mid-nineteenth century, the French poet Charles Cros was reciting, not singing, his poems to the music of a *bal musette* band. Some of his things are still in the repertory of living *café chantant* performers, especially the extremely funny *Le Hareng Saur.* Even today some Rock 'n Roll "novelties" are recited, not sung, and they are some of the most engaging, with music that often verges into the more complex world of true jazz. It has become a common custom in store front churches and Negro revival meetings for a member of the congregation to recite a poem to an instrumental or wordless vocal accompaniment. I believe Langston Hughes recited poems to jazz many years ago. I tried it myself in the twenties in Chicago. In the late forties Kenneth Patchen recited poems to records. Jack Spicer, a San Francisco poet tried it with a trio led by Ron Crotty on bass. The result, more like the Russian tone color music of the first years of the century, was impressive, if not precisely jazz. Lawrence Lipton has been working with some of the best musicians in Los Angeles for almost two years. William Walton's "Façade," Stravinsky's "Persephone," compositions of Auric, Honneger, Milhaud, are well-known examples of speaking, rather than singing, to orchestra in contemporary classical music. Charles Mingus and Fred Katz, two of the most serious musicians in jazz—to narrow that invidious distinction between jazz and serious music—have been experimenting with the medium for some time. The music has been impressive, but in my opinion, speaking as a professional poet, the texts could be improved.

WHAT is jazz poetry? It isn't anything very complicated to understand. It is the reciting of suitable poetry with the music of a jazz band, usually small and comparatively quiet. Most emphatically, it is not recitation with "background" music. The voice is integrally wedded to the music and, although it does not sing notes, is treated as another instrument, with its own solos and ensemble passages, and with solo and ensemble work by the band alone. It comes and goes, following the logic of the presentation, just like a saxophone or piano. Poetry with background music is very far from jazz. It is not uncommon, and it is, in my opinion, usually pretty corny.

Why is jazz poetry? Jazz vocalists, especially white vocalists and especially in the idiom of the most advanced jazz, are not very common. Most Negro singers stay pretty close to the blues, and there is more to modern jazz than blues. Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, there are not many singers whom all schools of jazz find congenial. Curiously enough, the poet reciting, if he knows what he is doing, seems to "swing" to the satisfaction of many musicians in a way that too few singers do. I think it is wrong to put down all popular ballad lyrics as trivial; some of them are considerable poetry in their own right, but certainly most are intellectually far beneath the musical world of modern jazz, and far less honest. The best jazz is above all characterized by its absolute emotional honesty. This leaves us with the words of the best blues and Negro folk song, often very great poetry indeed, but still a limited aspect of experience, and by no means everything, translated into words, that modern jazz has to say. In other words, poetry gives jazz a richer verbal content, reinforces and expands its musical meaning and, at the same time, provides material of the greatest flexibility.

HOW is it done, in actual practice? Kenneth Patchen has been working with Allyn Ferguson and the Chamber Jazz Sextet. The music is composed; it is actually written out, with, of course, room for solo improvisation, but with the voice carefully scored in. There is nothing wrong with this. Far more of the greatest jazz is written music than the lay public realizes. Some of even the famous King Oliver and Louis Armstrong records of long ago were scored by Lil Hardin, a very sophisticated musician. Duke Ellington and his arranger, Billy Strayhorn, are among America's greatest composers. For the past year I have been working with my own band, led by Dick Mills, trumpet, and including Brew Moore, tenor, Frank Esposito, trombone, Ron Crotty, bass, Clair Willey, piano, and Gus Gustafson, drums. Recently in Los Angeles, I played a two-week engagement with a fine band led by Shorty Rogers. In each case we worked from carefully rehearsed "head arrangements." The musicians had each in front of them the text of the poetry, and the sheets were used as cue sheets, scribbled with "inners and outers," chord progressions, melodic lines and various cues.

I feel that this method insures the maximum amount of flexibility and

KENNETH REXROTH has recently published One Hundred Poems from the Chinese *and a collection of his own verse,* In Defense of the Earth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spontaneity and yet provides a steadily deepening and thickening (in the musical sense) basis, differing emotionally more than actually from a written score. The whole thing is elaborately rehearsed—more than usual for even the most complicated "band number." I would like to mention that jazz, contrary to lay opinion, is not just spontaneously "blown" out of the musician's heads. Behind even the freest improvisation lies a fund of accepted patterns, chord changes, riffs, melodic figures, variations of tempo and dynamics, all understood by the musicians. In fact, they are there, given, as a fund of material almost instinctively come by. Even in a jam session, when a soloist gets as far out as possible, everybody has a pretty clear idea of how he is going to get back and of how everybody is going to go off together again. Then the major forms of common jazz are almost as strict as the sonata—the thirty-two bar ballad, the twelve bar blues—bridges, choruses, fillers, all usually in multiples of the basic four bar unit, in four-four time. Needless to say, the poetry is not "improvised" either. This has been tried, but with disastrously ridiculous results, and not by me. On the other hand, several poets have read over their things once with sensitive musicians and then put on a thoroughly satisfactory show. I have done this with Marty Paitch on piano or Ralph Pena on bass—both musicians with an extraordinary feeling for the rhythms and meanings of poetry. It all depends on the musician.

I HOPE the faddist elements of this new medium will die away. The ignorant and the pretentious, the sockless hipsters out for a fast buck or a few drinks from a Village bistro, will soon exhaust their welcome with the public, and the field will be left clear for serious musicians and poets who mean business. I think that it is a development of considerable potential significance for both jazz and poetry. It reaches an audience many times as large as that commonly reached by poetry, and an audience free of some of the serious vices of the typical poetry lover. It returns poetry to music and to public entertainment as it was in the days of Homer or the troubadours. It forces poetry to deal with aspects of life which it has tended to avoid in the recent past. It demands of poetry something of a public surface—meanings which can be grasped by ordinary people—just as the plays of Shakespeare had something for both the pit and the intellectuals in Elizabethan times, and still have today. And, as I have said, it gives jazz a flexible verbal content, an adjunct which matches the seriousness and artistic integrity of the music.

Certainly audiences seem to agree. Wherever it has been performed properly, the college auditoriums, the night clubs, the concert halls have been packed, and everybody — musicians, poets and audiences — has been enthusiastic.

In the past two years it has spread from The Cellar, a small bar in San Francisco, to college campuses, to nightclubs in Los Angeles, St. Louis, New York, Dallas and, I believe, Chicago; to the Jazz Concert Hall in Los Angeles, where Lawrence Lipton put on a program with Shorty Rogers, Fred Katz, two bands, myself, Stuart Perkoff and Lipton himself, heard by about six thousand people in two weeks. Kenneth Patchen and Allyn Ferguson followed us, and played there for the better part of two months. Dick Mills and his band have performed with me at several colleges and at the San Francisco Art Festival, and we are now planning to take the whole show on the road.

If we can keep the standards up, and keep it away from those who don't know what they are doing, who have no conception of the rather severe demands the form makes on the integrity and competence of both musicians and poets, I feel that we shall have given, for a long time to come, new meanings to both jazz and poetry.

MUSIC

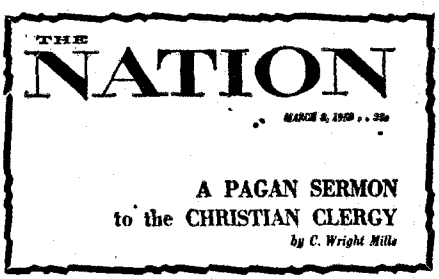
Lester Trimble

FOR HIS last Philharmonic concert of the season, conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos assembled a strangely heterogeneous but provocative series of pieces. The best of them were the Bach D Minor Piano Concerto and the Schönberg Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, played by the brilliant 25-year-old Canadian, Glenn Gould. Mahler's so-called Symphony No. 10 was given its first New York performance, and the evening was bounded at its beginning and end by the *Prologo and Fuga* by Camargo Guarnieri, a Brazilian, and *Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance,* by Samuel Barber. Each item stood stubbornly on its own, refusing to contribute to a general flow. And yet, because of the solid merits of the two concerti and the curiosity value inherent in the Mahler "Tenth," the evening turned out to be memorable.

Mahler's Symphony No. 10 in F Sharp Minor does not really exist. The two movements which Mitropoulos directed represent sections of a projected five-part opus, of which only the first movement was worked out in complete scoring at the time of the composer's death. The second of the sections was completed by other composers, among them Alban Berg and Ernst Krenek, from Mahler's shorthand sketches. In my opinion, this feat should never have been attempted. The more these men loved Mahler, the less they should have thrust him naked, unkempt and half

Free to WRITERS
seeking a book publisher
Two fact-filled, illustrated brochures tell how to publish your book, get 40% royalties, national advertising, publicity and promotion. Free editorial appraisal. Write Dept. NA-3
Exposition Press / 386 4th Ave., N.Y. 16

For Christians, Pagans and Non-Churchmen



Reprints are now available of C. Wright Mills's "A Pagan Sermon to the Christian Clergy," which has aroused even more interest and comment than his "Program for Peace." From *The Catholic Worker*: "An extremely moving and important article." "Magnificent," writes the Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman, of the First Unitarian Church (Los Angeles). "One of the best things of its kind (perhaps the only thing quite like it) that we have seen in many, many a moon"—this from William Basnight of the American Friends Service Committee.

Order On Coupon Below.

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, N.Y

I enclose $_____ for _____ reprints of A Pagan Sermon for the Christian Clergy, by C. Wright Mills.

☐ 10, $1.50 ☐ 50, $6.00
☐ 100, $10 ☐ 500, $40
☐ 1,000 $70 ☐ 5,000, $250

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ___ STATE ____

(Payment Must Accompany Order)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEETINGS

DISSENT

We take pleasure in inviting you to a public symposium on:

APPROACHES TO SOCIALISM

Speakers: **Michael Harrington, Irving Howe, Erich Kahler, Norman Thomas**

Chairman: **Joseph Buttinger**

Friday, April 4, 8 P.M.

HOTEL DIPLOMAT (Palm Room)
108 West 43 St., N.Y.C.
Admission: $1 (Students 65c)

IS THE DISEASED STATE INEVITABLE? Hear the genuine Health message of Natural Hygiene! **Dr. Herbert M. Shelton** of San Antonio will deliver six lecture classes —attend one or all. **March 25, 26, 27—2 P.M. and 8 P.M., Henry Hudson Hotel, 353 West 57th Street, N. Y. C.**

SERVICES

UNIVERSITY TELEVISION SERVICE
(Manhattan, Bronx Yonkers)
150 W. Kingsbridge Rd., Bronx 63, N.Y.
CY 8-0420

MOTOR SCOOTERS FOR SALE

Lick the transportation and parking problem. New low price on the Most Beautiful TWN TESSY MOTOR SCOOTER, only $399. Over 100 miles to gallon. Low Insurance. Free driving instruction. Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Ave. (13th & 14th Sts.), N. Y. GR 3-7819. **1 hour free parking.**

PERSONALS

WHOLESALE AUTO PRICES

What do dealers pay? Confidential price book with complete wholesale costs of 1958 cars, accessories. 16 makes. 245 models. Takes mystery out of car buying. Saves car buyer hundreds of dollars. Published at $7.50. Send one dollar for sample book and quantity prices. **FOB Publishing, 4274 Glendale, Detroit 38, Michigan.**

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. **Steven N. Williams, Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.**

Advertising Rates

CLASSIFIED

74c a line (6 words)
Three-line minimum

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY

$7.42 per inch (minimum)

The NATION

333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

alive into the presence of the public. I cannot believe that the composer would have allowed the first of these movements to be heard in its present state of intellectual and expressive thinness. He would certainly have revised it, adding substance and focus to what now sounds like an attenuated sketch. As for the second movement, the Adagio, he would have admired the neat craftsmanship lavished on it by his disciples, but would have recognized that it did not really represent him at all. I must admit that since I had never heard this half-formulated message from the grave, my morbid curiosity was aroused. But now that I have had the dubious pleasure, I beseech all conductors to leave these sketches in the archives and to refrain from humiliating a composer who cannot defend himself.

BACH'S Concerto in D Minor for Piano and Orchestra is another work which has had a circuitous history. It was, to begin with, composed for the violin; then transcribed by its author into a keyboard version. Since the piano did not exist in Bach's lifetime, the Concerto was obviously not played on that instrument but on the harpsichord. And, as a final difference between the work's original sound and its modern one, any accompanying ensemble used in the eighteenth century would have been far smaller than the one employed at Carnegie Hall. Despite all these changes, the Concerto stands up as sturdily and pulsates with as much life under modern conditions as it could ever have done when the composer himself was hearing it. The delicate balances between a small instrumental ensemble and the harpsichord have been supplanted by heavier balances between a modern keyboard instrument and the contemporary orchestral string section. But basic proportions are unviolated. The gorgeously evocative ideas contained in every strand of the music, in every formation of eighths and sixteenths, are as intelligent and warm as the day they were set down. And with a dynamic, introspective pianist like Glenn Gould who, in the manner of the born Bach performer, speaks with personal directness through each phrase and rhythm, holding each tiny motive up to view in such a way that it reveals meanings whose existence one had never before suspected—with such a pianist, one need not lament the historically incorrect change away from a small orchestra and the harpsichord. Nor need one decry the fact that Gould's tone can get steely in a large concert hall when he is working hard to get ideas across. Bach's color is built into his lines: it need not be applied cosmetically from the outside. What is above all necessary in playing this music is getting *inside* the line and speaking out. This Gould does, with almost uncanny insight and directness.

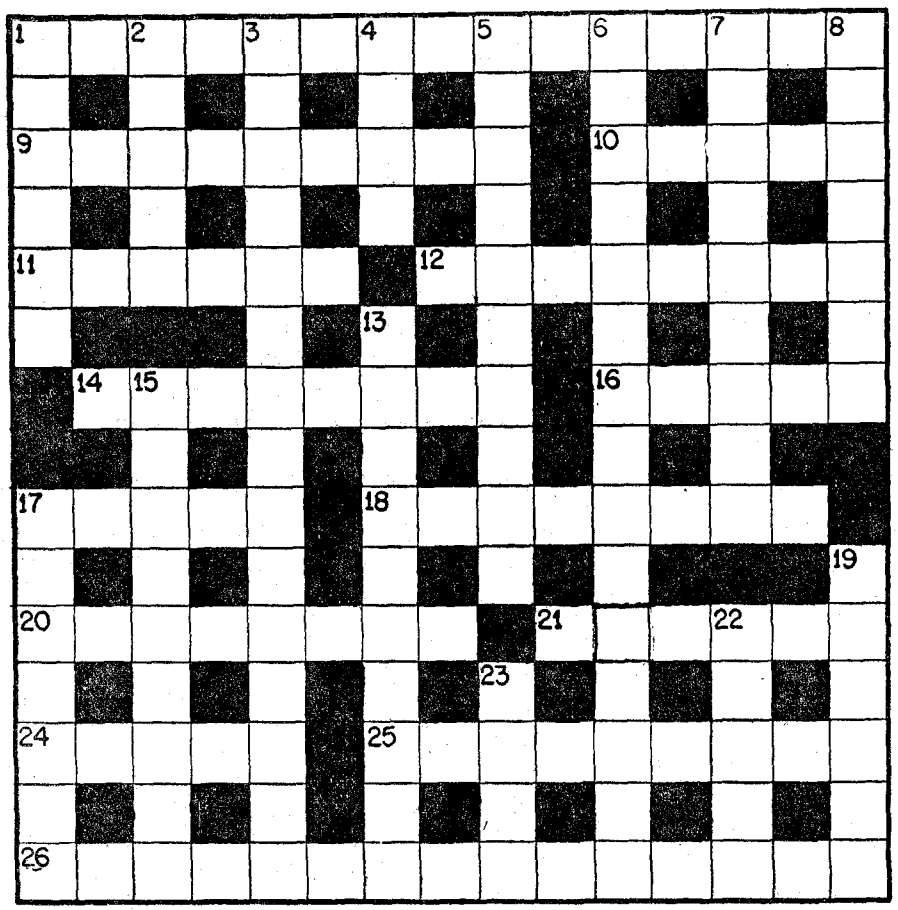
His playing of the Schönberg Concerto was no less authoritative and technically meticulous. Here was a work at more or less an opposite pole of expressive possibility. Tonally vague, because of the operations of the 12-tone system, and sitting on an aesthetic fence somewhere between the grass plots of the Viennese waltz and the ingrown, self-stimulating impulses of the expressionists, this work poses a problem to anyone who chooses to play it and to anyone who hears it. What attitude should he adopt—rigorously "moderne," Bach-linear, or dreamily expressionist-romantic? I think Gould struck as perceptive a balance as one could manage. He played the waltzes like waltzes; the cadenza like a cadenza; the Giocoso like a Giocoso. His fingers worked sensitively and accurately. His tone was warmer, more opulent than it had been in the Bach. And he traced the ideas cleanly from first to last. Mitropoulos, too, kept the orchestral lines and textures clean, clear and intelligent. But whether or not all this musicianly effort brought forth a successful aesthetic entity is a question I have not settled in my mind. It is always, for me, a strangely equivocal experience to find what seem to be simple little melodies which any Austrian composer might have written being passed through the cloudy glass of the 12-tone system and emerging on the other side as the reflection of neither quite a fish nor a fowl. As far as the Gould-Mitropoulos performance of the work was concerned, however, I heard no sign of anything less than complete, sympathetic identification with Schönberg's ideas.

LAST, and most briefly, let me comment on the program's book-ends: the *Prologo e Fuga* by Camargo Guarnieri and *Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance* by Samuel Barber. The latter is, if I am not mistaken, a reworking of a score written for Martha Graham called *Cave of the Heart*. It is immensely effective. The Guarnieri piece ought either to be cut in half and then redesigned, or shelved. Its *Prologo* has moments of coloristic and rhythmic charm. But the *Fuga* is such a dreary, awkward matter that it inspires only a conviction that the fugue as a form is dead and might better be allowed to bury itself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 765

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 I await a hag's ruin, but they might accompany you if your dancing is shaky. (8, 7)
9 Sharp cut to the worker. (9)
10 Stop and find out with mine! (5)
11 Benjamin seems to be disturbed about Thomas being put in grave surroundings. (6)
12 No pearls could be so individual. (8)
Should it destroy our concept of the fourth dimension? (4, 4)
Ruffles. (5)
17 They might imply the end of missiles, which sounds rather critical. (5)
18 Slick pony, perhaps, good for a picture. (3, 5)
20 Does it imply a holding operation in Bengal? (5, 3)
21 A mistake at the table which might result in improper dialog? (6)
24 A hundred foot ascent, for example? (5)
25 A woman's is proverbial in the price of knowledge. (9)
26 Ruboash? (5, 2, 3, 5)

DOWN:

1 What is due to an expression of surprise comes up with the starting place. (6)
2 The head of 11 in what makes durum. (5)
3 Mabel runs amok in gaining no common basis of comparison with such things. (15)
4 Evidently an early gardener makes a barrier of it. (4)
5 Bordering on a street dance thrown by the novice in some alley! (6, 4)
6 Giving over to machine work a river attempt at one humming noise. (15)
8 Rover walks like this, perhaps. (7)
13 Discourse at the foot of a mountain pass, sometimes protective. (10)
15 Coating in female disguise. (9)
17 Section announcements? (7)
19 Sent in with a good service record to help here. (6)
22 This country could forge its own links! (5)
23 Produce lines on the sound of the sea when rough. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 764

Across: 1 HEADACHE POWDERS; 9 GATES; 10 PALPATION; 11 LICENSE; 12 MIGRATE; 13 ICICLES; 14 CRESSET; 16 RIGGERS; 19 IMPASTO; 21 GAMBREL; 23 BATTERS; 24 LUSITANIA; 25 INURE; 26 RECOMMENDATIONS. Down: 1 HIGHLY IRREGULAR; 2 ATTACHING; 3 ARSENAL; 4 HAPLESS; 5 POLEMIC; 6 WRANGLE; 7 ERICA; 8 SENTENTIOUSNESS; 15 SOSTENUTO; 17 ERRATUM; 18 SILENCE; 19 INBOARD; 20 PATRIOT; 22 MUSIC.

RESORTS

PASSSOVER AND EASTER

Arrowhead LODGE Ellenville N. Y.

Folk song and dance festival.
THE SHANTY BOYS, many others.
Several callers. Painting, tennis—sports.
Tel.: N.Y.C. DE 2-4578—Ellenville 502

LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.

FOREST House

Entertainment. Dancing. Fireproof bldg. Air-conditioned. Elevator. 8 mile Lake. Superb cuisine. In New York City call at local rate:
FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449

CHILDREN'S CAMP

CAMP CALUMET

240 Wooded Acres ON Lake Ellis
WINGDALE 47, NEW YORK
CO-ED AND INTERRACIAL
LIMITED TO 50 CHILDREN

We are proud to announce that Murry Lewis (25 years experience) will DIRECT 1958 CAMP SEASON.
MODERN CABINS • HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER • LAKE & POOL BOATING & TENNIS • ALL SPORTS CHOICE OF MENU • HOTEL TYPE CUISINE AND SERVICE
FULL SEASON — $365
Also available 2-4-6-8 Week Periods
Inquire today for choice accommodations
N.Y. Off: 507 5th Ave., YUkon 6-6810

RENTALS

OLD STONE HOUSE, modern improvements, scenic seclusion, Bucks Co. hills, 60 miles N. Y. C., season or longer. Box 55, Erwinna, Pa.

Los Angeles

Office or work-studio in secluded garden. Desirable. Spacious. Fireplace. Architect, artist, writer, psychiatrist. $75. 335 N. Kings Rd., Los Angeles 46. OL 3-4042.

RESORTS AND CAMPS
Attention Please!
Train leaving on Track 31 for
. . . . . .
Are they calling out the location of your resort—camp?
Those vacationers are heading for rest and fun.
Do they know what good times they can have at your place?
Tell them about it through the resort advertising pages.
$7.42 per inch, per insertion
Generous discounts for multiple insertions.
Write or phone today for further information
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
The NATION
333 SIXTH AVE., N. Y. 14, N. Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA'S 50 BEST CITIES
IN WHICH TO RETIRE

Can you answer these questions about the U. S. A.?

- Where are retirement costs lower than elsewhere in Florida's cities?
- Which U. S. city provides two months of opera and concerts for $4.50?
- Where does a 10-acre retirement farm on the outskirts, operated with hired help, bring you all the income you need for retirement in comfort?
- Which are America's 4 best cities for retirement jobs? For full-time jobs? Which Florida west coast city offers the best jobs, the widest choice of openings, the highest wages?

AMERICA'S 50 BEST CITIES IN WHICH TO LIVE, WORK, AND RETIRE—Norman Ford's huge new book—shows the retirement couple where living costs are less and there's more to do every day of the year. You learn:

—which are the 5 lowest cost retirement cities, where there's plenty of warmth and sunshine all winter long.

—which are the 7 best resort cities where you can retire at modest cost and always meet new people.

—which are the most healthful cities of all, which are the 5 best small cities, which are the best cities in all the U. S. in which to live.

—and if you're too young to retire but want to live in a better climate, you even learn where you can find the best opportunities in Florida, California, Arizona and elsewhere in the U. S. for someone with your talents.

To get all the information in this book, you'd travel for months, perhaps years, and consult, as Norman Ford did, hundreds of government officials, real estate men, businessmen, and old-time residents. But this huge book of 100,000 words costs only $2.

How To Have Money To Retire On

- If you'd like to earn 33%-50% more on money you've now got in banks.
- If you'd like to share in the fabulous profits selected stocks sometimes bring—**but without the risk of common stocks.**
- If you want to build your retirement fund in the fast safe way.

MORE INCOME ON YOUR MONEY sets forth in easy to understand language exactly what you can do to earn more interest and have a good chance to see your money grow **but without common stock risks.** It names the country's leading **insured** savings & loan associations *which pay higher dividends.* It tells why a Federal law opens the way to 8% to 10% return (some of it income-tax free) on **small** ($500-$1,000) real estate investments.

Down to earth throughout, aimed at the man and woman without much financial knowledge who feel there must be a way to earn more money on the money they've got, this book was written by the expert editors of "The Digest of Investment Advices," the weekly newsletter read by bankers, brokers and other financial authorities. In its full score of opportunity-packed chapters it shows how you can safely do so much more with your money:

- the way large universities use to make stock market profits without forecasting or outguessing the market.
- the truth about mutual funds—are they the real road to quick profits or long term growth?
- are there low cost growth companies? Or do the really good bargains for the man not retiring for a few more years lie in an altogether different kind of investment?

No matter what your financial problem might be, in the fact and figure filled pages of this big book you can probably find your answer. So let MORE INCOME ON YOUR MONEY put the investment odds in your favor. It costs only $2. Send today for your copy.

HOW TO STOP SAYING
"I always spend too much on my vacation"

In his new book, WHERE TO VACATION ON A SHOESTRING, Norman Ford tells you about hundreds of undiscovered beauty spots all over America, Canada, Mexico, and elsewhere, where you'll have the time of your life **and spend less money.**

He tells you how to get real values in whatever kind of vacation you want, whether it's a weekend at a beach or two weeks in the mountains or an auto tour of America.

He tells you all about the national parks and how to reach them with double the sightseeing. He shows where to get the real bargain basement in government supported vacation resorts. He has the data you want whether you vacation on a real western ranch, or cruise on a houseboat into the Minnesota woods or on a sailing ship along the Maine coast, or if you want to do any of the hundreds of things the American vacationist can do—**if he knows where to find out about such exciting ways to vacation, and how to do them with the least expenditure of money.**

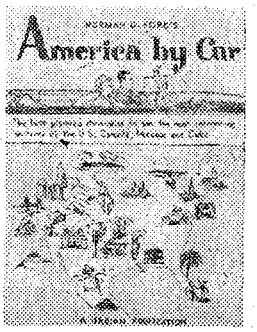
Whatever your plans might be—to tour the magnificent Colorado Rockies or relax at a luxury hotel when rates tumble to a third of their high season level or to sightsee for a week in New York or Los Angeles or New Orleans—no matter what are your plans, in Norman Ford's big book you'll find the facts you want on what to do before leaving, where to find low cost accommodations, what to see, and how to cut your costs. Yes, he covers rail and plane vacations, too.

There are about 75,000 words in WHERE TO VACATION ON A SHOESTRING, and a book as big as this for only $1 is a real value. When you think of how it will give you a fuller, happier, and lower cost vacation, you'll say it's one of the best investments you ever made. **Use coupon to order.**

AMERICA BY CAR

This big book is your insurance of seeing all the four-star sights in whatever corner of the U. S. or Canada you drive to (and it even covers Mexico and Cuba as well).

Day by day, AMERICA BY CAR tells you where to go from Alaska to Mexico. Whether you're visiting New England or California, Florida or the National Parks, the Great Lakes, the Mississippi, California, the East, the South or the Southwest, the Indian country, etc., it tells you road by road the scenic way to go and it always directs you to the important sights along the way and in the cities.



In Niagara or Los Angeles, Washington or New Orleans, the Black Hills or Montreal, AMERICA BY CAR takes the guesswork out of travel. Of course it names hundreds upon hundreds of **recommended** places to eat **and stay.**

America is so big, you can easily overlook or forget important sights or make many a wrong turn. So get AMERICA BY CAR, the book that makes sure you'll see everything of consequence and always travel right.

AMERICA BY CAR is fully 170,000 words in length (for which most publishers would charge $5-$8). But it costs only $2.50, while it helps you see *any part of America as you've* probably never before explored this part of the world.

BEST IN THE WEST

Whether you're headed for Yellowstone or Hollywood, the Indian pueblos or the Rockies, the Black Hills or the Spanish missions, seeing them with Thomas B. Lesure's 170,000 word guide is like going with a veteran traveler who's been there a dozen times before.

From San Diego to Montana, from El Paso to Seattle, there's not a place in all the West that Thomas B. Lesure won't help you to explore better and with more knowledge, and he also covers the nearby strips of Canada and Mexico, places like Vancouver, Jasper, Banff, Guaymas, etc.

Of course, there's much more besides:

Are you driving? Thomas B. Lesure details the best roads to take, the scenic turn-offs, the outstanding motels and restaurants to pull up to.

Are you traveling in other ways? Here's the data you want about seeing the West without a car of your own.

Do you want a stay-put vacation? There's so much to do in the West—all the usual activities *plus such things as prospecting* for gold, dude ranching, mountain climbing, boating, hunting, etc., and Thomas B. Lesure makes sure you fill all your time with day after day of fun.

Going with children? You need this full rundown of the things in the West that will capture their interest.

What about tipping? Is it different out West? Here are the facts you need every day on whom, when and how much to tip.

And there's still much more to this 170,000 word book (a book as long as three novels); how to get FREE souvenirs, where to find excellent buys in Indian blankets, how to visit the Indian villages, even such information as where to find the best places to live or retire in all the West.

Make your Western holiday the vacation that really gave you everything you ever wanted in a vacation. Get THE BEST IN THE WEST. Despite its enormous amount of information which you'll use every day you're in the West, it costs only $2.50.

Both *America by Car* and *The Best in the West* for

Mail to HARIAN PUBLICATIONS
103 Prince St., GREENLAWN, Long Island, N.Y.

I have enclosed $_____ (cash, check, or money order). Send me the books checked below. YOU WILL REFUND MY MONEY IF I AM NOT SATISFIED.

- ☐ **America by Car, $2.50** ☐ **Best in the West, $2.50**
- ☐ **SPECIAL OFFER No. 1: Both books above for $4**
- ☐ **America's 50 Best Cities—in which to live, work, and retire, $2**
- ☐ **More Income on Your Money, $2**
- ☐ **Where to Vacation on a Shoestring, $1**
- ☐ **SPECIAL OFFER No. 2: All 5 books above ($10 value), $7.50**

NAME _____
(please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE____ STATE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED